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LONDON INTERIORS:

A GRAND NATIONAL EXHIBITION

OF THE

RELIGIOUS, REGAL, AND CIVIC SOLEMNITIES,
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS, AND COMMERCIAL SCENES

OF THE

BRITISH CAPITAL;

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED ON STEEL,

FROM DRAWINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY,

AND WITH PERMISSION OF THE

PROPRIETORS AND TRUSTEES OF THE METROPOLITAN EDIFICES.

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The Royal West 11 June 18

Mr. & Mrs. [illegible] at [illegible]

LONDON INTERIORS.

THE ROYAL CLOSET, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

THE QUEEN GIVING AUDIENCE TO AN AMBASSADOR.

ONCE the abode of our sovereigns, it being occupied by them as their metropolitan residence after the conflagration of Whitehall, St. James's Palace ceased to be their actual habitation in the early part of the reign of George III., when their Majesties took possession of Buckingham House, which had been settled upon Queen Charlotte, as being more commodious, and better adapted for the domestic life of royalty in modern times, than an extensive, yet straggling, pile of building, offering more of *grandeur* than of comfort, in its interior. In consequence of that arrangement, St. James's was set apart entirely for public state occasions—for holding courts, levées, and drawing rooms; also for giving extraordinary state entertainments, and for lodging foreign princes who might visit this country, as did the King of Denmark in 1768, when he resided there from August to October. A considerable portion of the building is appropriated to different branches of the royal family, who have here their respective establishments; consequently, notwithstanding its aggregate size, the palace would, in its present state, be utterly inadequate to serve as the actual habitation of the Sovereign, the chief rooms in it being all public ones; nor could other accommodation be now very well provided, except by planning the whole afresh, and erecting an entirely new edifice.

There was some—danger, shall we say?—of opportunity, if not actual necessity for a new St. James's being afforded between thirty and forty years ago, when the building was threatened with a fate similar to that of Whitehall; for on the night of January 21st, 1809, a fire broke out, which destroyed nearly the whole of the South-east angle, where were situated their majesties' private apartments, those of the Duke of Cambridge, some of the old state apartments, together with the French and Dutch Chapels. Had the flames extended Westward, doubtless the whole of the South or garden side of the palace would have been destroyed, even had the rest escaped; but as such was not the case, and as it was not deemed expedient to rebuild the portion consumed—for which there was then

little actual occasion—the building has remained within the limits set to it by that accident. It was, however, at the time, and since then has been more than once suggested, that a uniform façade to the palace should be erected on that side of the structure in the Tudor-Gothic, or Old English style, similar in date to that of the older parts of the pile, but of superior character, and of palatial aspect. Projects of the kind have been put upon paper, and on paper they have remained, without, perhaps, even the authors of them feeling particular disappointment at finding their ingenious ideas rejected or laid aside, well knowing that erecting magnificent palaces on their drawing board, is very much like that other and very popular branch of architecture cycled 'Building Castles in the Air.'

Quite unassuming in exterior appearance, the garden front being in a sort of no style of architecture—merely brick wall and sash windows—the state apartments of St. James' are not very much more striking within, if considered merely in regard to design and arrangement, being no more than an *enfilade* of four lofty and spacious rooms, so connected together by doorways, as to assume the character of a continuous gallery divided at intervals, rather than of so many distinct rooms; and so far they are well adapted for their especial and peculiar purpose, inasmuch as the view from end to end is thus thrown open almost unobstructedly to all the assembled company; and when they are so filled, in the presence of the sovereign, the effect is not only magnificent, but even gorgeous. Nor is it to be understood from this, that there is little of positive splendour in the rooms themselves, such being by no means the case; but merely that there is little which can be pointed out for notice in regard to any architectural features.

At the western extremity of this suite, immediately beyond the Throne-room, is what though it cannot properly be called one of the public apartments, it being a sort of exclusive territory, the sanctum as it were of royalty, one room of more than ordinary importance, namely, the Royal Closet, the 'veritable cabinet of St. James,' where the sovereign gives solemn audience to foreign ambassadors. If walls could speak, these four walls might be able to disclose not a few diplomatic secrets, and to contradict not a few sagacious conjectures on the part of politicians. Yet speak they cannot, and every precaution is taken that shall have no ears. The conferences or audiences here held are strictly private, and conducted with the most rigorous ceremony; not merely as formal interviews on business of state between the sovereign and subject, but as between one crowned head and the representative of another. On such occasions, no attendant, not even of the highest rank, is allowed to be present;—no one is allowed even to approach this chamber of audience, officers being stationed at all the doors leading to it, with drawn rapiers. Seated at a small table, placed expressly for that purpose, with a silver bell upon it, Her Majesty receives the ambassador, who arrives in full costume; and as the representative of another potentate or government, His Excellency enjoys the privilege of being seated in the royal presence, as is represented in our engraving—in regard to which it is almost

needless to observe, the figures are necessarily the work of the artist's imagination, as is in fact, the case in all *historical* painting; but all the rest—pictures, furniture, and all the still-life part of the scene, is an accurate representation of the room itself, and may also be relied upon for fidelity as to the ceremonial; this last being conducted according to such measured etiquette in its every movement, that "every footstep might be marked on the floor."

Audiences of this kind, so punctilious, so stately, and so solitary, and requiring more than ordinary presence of mind and diplomatic caution on both sides, were, perhaps, at first, somewhat embarrassing to so youthful a queen—for they are formalities to which her seniors, as being only queen-consorts have not been subjected; but with their first novelty must have passed away their awfulness also, supposing it was ever felt.

Even where it is for little more than appearance sake—since the individual occasion is not uniformly of equal importance—it is essential upon the whole that etiquette should be strictly kept up, though the doing so may not happen to be exactly in accordance with the personal inclination of those who wear a crown. It is, if not dangerous, imprudent for princes to emancipate themselves from the forms which constitute a part of the duties of royalty, and which may be fulfilled without infringing upon the privacy of their leisure hours.

In former times ambassadors used to be sent only on special missions, and in cases of emergency, but the modern system of keeping an established Corps Diplomatique at the various courts of Europe, has served also in some measure to preserve amicable relations between one power and another, that might else have been broken. It has also served to give a certain tone of high courtly dignity to the higher aristocratic circles of European society; and it is certain that the members of the Corps Diplomatique—ambassadors, envoys, &c., from foreign powers and potentates, contribute not a little to the splendour of our own Court on state occasions, by the pageantry which surrounds them, the magnificence of their official costumes, the splendour of their equipages, and the pomp of their retinue. Their carriages are generally most conspicuous in the line of procession to the Drawing-room,—sometimes striking by their singularity, but always by their superbness.

Ambassadors are, in fact, the representatives of monarchs or independent States, and accordingly, not only have to maintain a proportionate degree of dignity, but enjoy high privileges and immunities peculiar to themselves. Even among half-civilized nations the character of an ambassador has ever been held sacred, without which his important functions could hardly be discharged, or his due authority be maintained. In modern times, the persons, the property, and even the residence of an ambassador, are regarded as inviolable, the last being exempted from any legal search whatever, so that it has in some countries obtained the 'right of asylum.' Ambassadors are not amenable to any criminal tribunal of the country where they reside in such capacity; nor can civil suits be instituted against

them. The same privileges are also extended to all their suite, and to the members of their family. An ambassador himself possesses also the right of demanding at all times, during his residence at the Court to which he is delegated, a *private* audience of the sovereign; which is not the case with foreign envoys and ministers of lower rank.

Yet, if so far inviolable and highly privileged, the *Vice-Majesty* of the ambassadorial office is no panoply against the shafts of sarcasm and satire. The malignity of wit—or, it may be, that of ignorance and dulness, has generally ascribed to the diplomatic character to the abstract, qualities almost the reverse of those which accompany real greatness of mind—consummate duplicity, unscrupulous though adroit tact, jesuitical elasticity of what is called conscience, and a species of *Jupiter-Scapinerie* in manœuvring—in short, a morality and philosophy peculiar to the office. This last, no doubt, requires talents that do not fall to every one's lot: a man must be born a diplomatist if as such he is to shine. He must possess both address and astuteness in an eminent degree; must be never off his guard, but be at once equally open and impenetrable; and be able to all difficulties and reverses to be perfectly imperturbable, thereby vindicating for himself the princely title of '*Serene*:'—a diplomatist and a demagogue are the very antipodes of each other.

As to casuistical morality, however, the two characters may be pretty much upon a par with each other, and perhaps with the rest of the world, too. Finesse and artifice are by no means confined to the diplomatic sphere; for were such the case, society, in all its spheres, would be very different from what it is. Manœuvring is practised more or less in every profession, and in every grade of life, only more bunglingly, and without that felicitous tact which sometimes wins admiration, though it does not conciliate esteem.



The Grand Hall of the Palace of the Kings of Naples

View from the Grand Hall of the Palace of the Kings of Naples

View from the Grand Hall of the Palace of the Kings of Naples

ROYAL CLOSET, ST. JAMES'S.

ADDRESS OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS TO THE QUEEN, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

FORMERLY it was the custom for royalty—some would call it its penance, to have to listen to Birth-day Odes, magniloquent and windy; but so prosy is the present age that poetry has been voted a drug, even at Court, and the 'Sacred Nine' have been banished from St. James's, where they used to strike their 'golden lyres on each auspicious natal morn.' It may not, however, be so much the want of taste for poetry, as an improved good taste and feeling in other respects, which has led to the rejection of set doses of poetic compliment, more especially as there was sometimes only a grain of poetry to a pound of flattery. Birth-day Odes, therefore, are now as completely out of fashion, as dedications à la Dryden, or epitaphs which would furnish an hour's reading. In fact, 'Laureate poetry' has become almost a bye word for pompous inanity and high-flown mediocrity—in short, about the same sort of stuff as 'Prize Poems;' so James Henry Pye closed the list of birth-day bards. Since his time, the only formal congratulatory birth-day address which it is now customary for the Sovereign to receive, is that from the Clergy,—that is, the Archbishops and Bishops, which is delivered in the Royal Closet, just before the Drawing Room commences.* This ceremony, which may be considered as private, is a more solemn than brilliant one, there being nothing in the costume of our English prelates that accommodates itself to the pomp of a court. Still the scene must be impressive to the mind, if not imposing to the eye; and perhaps all the more impressive on account of the external contrast, and the marked respect thus paid by the supreme authority of the State to the Church, in the persons of its ministers, who are allowed to approach the Sovereign thus confidentially.

As may be supposed, the address itself is chiefly of a religious tenour, and otherwise pertinent to the occasion, without touching upon political and public events, as used formerly to be the case. Nevertheless, as a congratulatory address on a day of marked festivity, neither is it too much in the *memento mori* strain. Of all born of woman, princes perhaps the least require to be reminded that they are mortal; that they must one day resign their power to a successor, who perhaps long before he may be formally in possession of it, may

* On this occasion the spiritual Peers are introduced into the Royal Closet, by the Lord Chamberlain, who precedes them, bearing his sword of office, and attended by the State Pages.

be looked up to with eager anticipation. The mass of mankind, says Madame de Staël, see but dimly before them in the path of life: doubts, uncertainties, perplexities, intervene, so as to render the farther course of it vague and indistinct; but princes, on the contrary, behold the whole of it, along a broad vista, terminated by one solitary object, which is no other than—their tomb.

But we are now indulging a strain too much akin to that which we just now observed is not likely to be adopted, and shall be thought to prose no less tediously than gloomily on an occasion that does not usually excite particularly grave reflections, but rather calls forth joyous demonstrations of loyalty, and of attachment to the person of our Lady Queen Victoria. Perhaps, too, the dismal remarks we have above ventured upon may seem all the more inopportune and out of character, because in all human probability, her present Majesty is likely to be seated on the throne of England longer than even any of her predecessors; yet for that very reason is it that we feel the less scruple in alluding to what a youthful Victoria can better bear to be reminded of, than would an aged and decrepid Elizabeth. Though not of the court, we have enough of courtly instinct to keep us from blundering by blurring out any particularly *mal-à-propos* reflections. How those of an Archbishop may be worded on such occasions, we take not upon ourselves to say, yet if ever so little agreeably, it is earnestly to be hoped that Her Majesty will have to listen to them for many and many anniversaries of the day and the occasion.

The avoidance of political topics in such addresses on the part of the Church, as represented by the spiritual peers of the realm, is judicious; for though Church and State are united in their interests, it does not altogether become the ministers of religion to concern themselves with the party politics of the day; from which it rather behoves them to keep as much as possible aloof, especially when there are those who would estimate their religious sincerity in inverse ratio to their political zeal.

Happily the Protestant Church of England has avoided one of the great stumbling-blocks in that of Rome, from which so great detriment to religion has there arisen. Among us, churchmen are entrusted with no authority in temporal matters of the state: we have no such anomalies as ecclesiastical statesmen and diplomats,—ministers of religion openly serving and devoted to the mammon of temporal power and worldly ambition. Where professions so incompatible are united, the temporal one almost invariably proves by far the stronger of the two; and instead of the ecclesiastic elevating the statesman, and adorning him with greater moral grandeur, the statesman lowers—not to say debases, the ecclesiastic: the latter character becomes merged in the former, perhaps even to the extent of its outward decencies being forgotten.

When England was in communion with the Church of Rome, she, too, had prelates invested with power as statesmen and ministers, or else intriguing in subordinate posts; but since the Reformation she has had no Wolseys; nor has it been her fate to have to

endure Richelieu and Mazarins. Neither do the higher order of our clergy offer any examples of such worthies of the Church as was the celebrated Cardinal de Bernis, who has been described as being a poet, without any imagination; a statesman, without any talent; an ecclesiastic, without any religion!

Though participating in the great council of the nation, the prelates of the Church of England do not render themselves conspicuous in secular affairs of state, much less do they derogate so far from their own sacred office and duties, as to aim at direct power and influence, by holding any sort of office in the executive government. By ambition of that kind being entirely cut off from them, both their order and the Church itself are spared many scandals that would arise under a different system. Grossly—almost incredibly inconsistent as it now appears, the time has been when churchmen and prelates frequently took the lead, not only in political affairs and matters of state government, but in military ones also. In the goodly "olden times," when the Church was armed with other weapons than spiritual and merely figurative ones, a soldier-bishop was by no means a very unusual character, though a most portentous one, being a sort of moral centaur made up of the most incompatible elements. Surprising as this may be in itself, it is not at all surprising that under such circumstances the priestly character should frequently have been altogether lost sight of and entirely obliterated, or that a mitred apostate from his holy functions and from the altar should have cast off all restraints, and sunk into the sanguinary tyrant, or brutal ruffian: Neither is it surprising that there should have been warrior bishops in ages which furnished examples of warrior popes—still more heteroclit and heterogeneous; for what did not shock in the conduct of the immediate successors of St. Peter, might very well be tolerated in their subordinates and delegates: what the tiara sanctified could hardly disgrace the mitre. Happily, both for the cause of religion and that of humanity, the instances recorded of the conduct of many ecclesiastics during what some are pleased still to term the 'palm days of the Church,' now read like seditious legends, fitted only to serve for effect as 'stirring' episodes in a modern romance, or a scene in a modern melodrama. We still acknowledge a church militant; but a church military is a monster now unknown in any part of Christendom.

That observations of the above kind may seem all but utterly inapplicable to the occasion, and to the subject of the engraving, from which they have led us quite astray, must be acknowledged; but in the absence of more direct matter for comment or explanation, they have suggested themselves to our somewhat wayward fancy, and we have thereby escaped from touching upon more delicate ground; nor does it come within the province of a work like ours, to enter upon topics where we might commit ourselves in the opinion of those who entertain different feelings in regard to them.

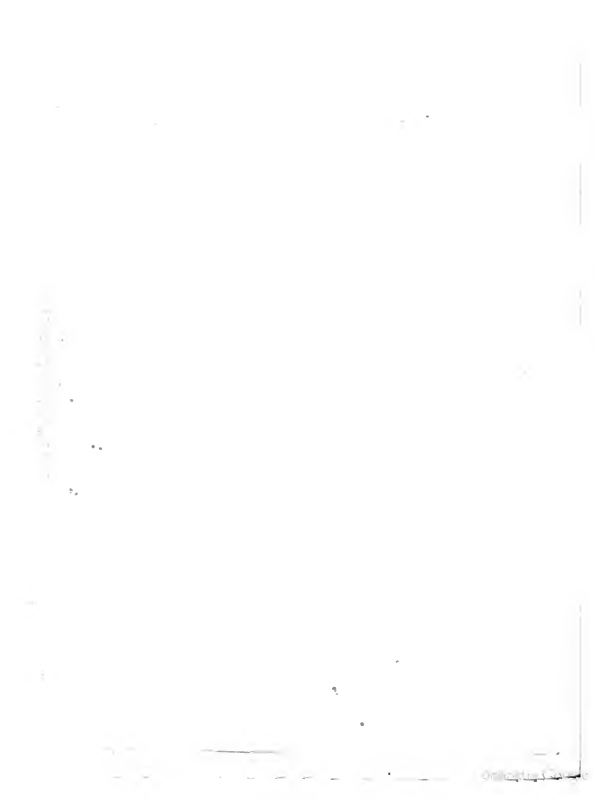
The subject, indeed, is rather barren of description; for while the apartment is identically the same which is shown in the preceding plate, the ceremony speaks for itself,

and leaves nothing for the pen to explain. If there be anything calling for additional remark, it is that a more complete idea of the room is obtained by its being represented in two different points of view. In the first of the two plates is shown the West side, or that facing the chimney-piece, and the door communicating with the Pages' Ante-room; in this second one, the chimney-piece itself, and one of the doors immediately opening into the Throne-room, at that end of it where the throne is placed, in a corresponding situation with the chimney-piece in this Royal Closet.

We would further call attention to the varied interest given in this instance to the same architectural subject, by the different manner in which it is *peopled*—and that not by figures introduced arbitrarily as mere accessories—perhaps altogether unconnected with the place itself, but such as are *bonâ fide* actors in it, and which may be said to tell the story of the building, and identify it in a manner at once perspicuous and impressive.

Πρόεδρος, κ. Γεωργίου





BANK OF ENGLAND.

FIVE-POUND-NOTE OFFICE.

Twice already have we 'drawn upon' the Bank of England, which, although noted for containing far more *ascerains* than subjects, possesses not a few of the latter,—subjects we mean, well adapted to the pencil, though rather barren of material for us who hold the pen. Of the building generally, some account has been given along with the view of the Rotunda, and also of the very interesting business transacted in that apartment,—viz. the Payment of Dividends. Again, in speaking of the Bank Parlour, we there found ample matter for description and comment; yet such is by no means the case on every occasion when it is our duty to usher the reader into different parts of one and the same edifice.

In regard to the interior of the Bank, scarcely anything at all has been made known in other publications by means of engravings; neither has the architect, Sir John Soane, supplied us with aught amounting to tolerably satisfactory information or illustration,—certainly has said nothing to explain his own ideas and motives. We have heard, however, that it was at one time his intention to bring out a complete architectural description of the Bank, fully illustrated by all requisite drawings of every kind.

Such a work would have greatly assisted us on the present occasion, if only by enabling us to point out more clearly the 'whereabouts' of the Hall shown in our engraving, and the route leading to it. This last lies through an extensive line of corridor, running northward from the Pay Hall facing the entrance from Threadneedle Street; and it is in itself by no means the least striking part of the interior; yet of such sort that it would be hardly possible for the pencil to convey a correct idea of the peculiar impression it makes, it being rather as a succession of architectural scenes, than as a single one, viewed from any one single point, that it captivates the fancy. It might, indeed, be not improperly described as a series of architectural studies and experiments, and as such it offers many novel and cleverly contrived effects, and not a few valuable hints and ideas. Of its author's talent and taste, it affords a characteristic and very fair sample, offering as it does, together with original beauties and happy touches, the most glaring inconsistencies and defects of design which almost the veriest tyro would have kept clear of. Striking, for instance, as are at the first glance the open loggia of five arches, and the view from it into an inner sunk court, admiration of them abates very quickly, since almost the very next glance

breaks the spell. What when glimpsed at promised to be a rich bit of architectural scenery, proves on inspection to be a very abortive, unfinished piece of work, where patches of Corinthian architecture are embroidered upon ordinary brick walls; and even were the whole entirely of stone, the bare and ill-proportioned windows would be quite out of character with the style aimed at. Similar inconsistencies and offences against the commonest rules of architectural syntax occur in the other courts within the building, with the exception of three sides of the garden-court, by Sir Robert Taylor, which was pointed out with approbation in the account of the Bank Parlour. Poor excuse for the architect is it to say that in such situations, inattention to *convenances* of design, to consistency of character, and keeping, is of no importance: in cases of the kind, situation may be alleged as a sufficient reason for making no pretence at all to architectural decoration, yet if once begun this last ought to be carried out consistently, according to the degree of it which may be professed. So far from being at all justified by considerations of economy, it is the reverse of economy in every respect, to introduce any superfluous embellishment, where all besides is restricted to the utmost plainness; otherwise instead of embellishment producing richness, the plainness will strike as meanness, and cause the other to appear ridiculous. A quakeress's drab bonnet is, as such, all very well; but either stick a bunch of artificial flowers on it, or deck it out with a veil of Brussels' lace, and it at once becomes a most extravagant absurdity. Somehow or other the 'women-kind' understand matters of the kind,—the propriety of uniform decorum—much better than do other *architects*, much as they preach about *proportion*, who lose sight of it altogether when it should guide them in apportioning its due degree of finish to every part of a composition, and every feature in it.

The neglect of such proportion disfigures more or less almost every thing that Soane did: fertile in ideas, he rarely exhibited them except merely in the rough, scarcely ever working them out, or if he did, it was only fragmentarily—here and there in bits; wherefore they show themselves too much like the 'nick-knackeries' of his Museum—a sort of omnium-gatherum and olla podrida. Considered as his architectural scrap-book,—the interior of the Bank is highly interesting: it is a collection of architectural episodes—some of them very charming, but no regular architectural epic. Of such episodes, the corridor leading to the Five-pound-note Office exhibits not merely one, but several, all of them supplying as studies much more than what immediately meets the eye.

The apartment just mentioned, and forming the subject of the accompanying engraving, was originally built for the business of One and Two-pound Notes, at which time it used to be occupied by one hundred and twenty-eight clerks. Its dimensions are considerable, being 95 feet by 38, and 38 in height, yet, independently of its size, is not of very striking architectural character,—far less so, in fact, than some of the little bits and pet whims which the architect introduced in his corridors, lobbies, and other

places of that kind, for his fancy seemed to expand and shoot forth in proportion as he was cramped for space. Here we have nothing of that peculiar and decidedly picturesque expression which takes place in those offices and apartments which are lighted either entirely or partially from above; this one is lighted, not only from the side, but on both sides; therefore, with plenty of light, there is very little effect of it; and being attached to the piers between the windows, the columns are comparatively lost and thrown into shade. The columns and windows, again, do not at all harmonize with each other, for whatever there is of classical pretension in the former, is totally forfeited by the latter, which certainly do not afford evidence of any study of, or any feeling for, the antique.

The floor is entirely occupied by the desks for the clerks, of whom there are here about sixty employed solely in posting Five-pound notes issued for circulation. These notes first came up in 1794, previously to which there were none of lower value than £15 and £10, consequently the business of this department, and also of that for engraving and printing notes—operations carried on within the Bank itself,—has been greatly increased, although it is considerably reduced in comparison with what it was during the circulation of one and two-pound notes, or from 1797 to 1822. Still it does seem astonishing that the mere issue of notes should keep such a number of persons in employment; it is, however, sufficiently accounted for, when, according to official statements it appears that twenty-seven millions and a half sterling have been in circulation at the same time in the form of notes.*

Taking the entire establishment, that of the Bank of England is so populous, as well as popular a one, as to form quite a colony—to which, if we add those of private banking-houses where the number of clerks varies from about fifty to a hundred, Bank-clerks and Bankers'-clerks constitute a tolerably numerous class. As such they have no very prominent characteristics, and certainly no offensive ones; they patronise omnibuses and Islington, and other rus-in-rube-ish places which fringe the great metropolis, and infringe upon green fields. They have a taste for the rural—keep pretty gardens, and pride themselves on their prize tulips and dahlias; which are commendable traits enough. Though rather men of figures or *figuranti* than men of letters, they are great scribes, and write much more to the purpose than do we scribblers: their style is laconic, and pithy, the very reverse of the mystifying tautology of the lawyers,—rather monotonous, perhaps, yet, no matter, since the

* No person is admitted as a Clerk who is under 20, or above 25 years of age. The salaries commence at £50, and range up to an average of about £300, exclusive of perquisites, which render them in many cases far above their nominal value; particular appointments have, of course, much higher salaries attached to them. Except with regard to these last situations, promotion is according to seniority. The Clerks have a Guarantee Fund among themselves, for the purpose of affording security, when required by the Bank. There is also a Widow's Fund, to which all contribute—married men never more than £4 per annum,—unmarried not more than £3. From this Fund widows are allowed £20 per annum.

most captious of critics never find fault with it. Of some writers of this class, the names have circulated far and wide, and have been every where popular: and although biography has been so graceless as to take no note of it, that of Abraham Newland was a favourite one with all classes of the public, and with all parties. Abraham was for many years part and parcel of the Bank of England, during twenty-five of which, when he was its Chief Cashier, he never slept beyond its walls, until he resigned his office in 1807, having at that time accumulated a fortune of £130,000,—a sum that sums up no ordinary degree of mortal worth.

Biography, however, may be forgiven for not having given the world the full-length portraiture of a life less marked by enterprize than by enduring patience and plodding perseverance. The progress of a horse in a mill, is but a faint type of such an existence. The 'Adventures of a Guinea,' or of a Bank-note, would be far more stirring and full of excitement than Abraham's. Still there are instances proving that even the atmosphere of a bank does not entirely check all other ambitions and aspirations than the Midas ones for gold. Literature and the Muses have had among their votaries ere now both Bankers and Bankers' clerks; among the former we can point to the elegant historian of the Medici in the person of William Roscoe, to an eminent botanist and antiquary in Dawson Turner, to a favourite poet in Samuel Rogers—who further enjoys no small degree of bon-mot celebrity, and has, we suspect, been made to father not a few puns and witticisms of other people's invention. Bernard Barton may serve as an instance of the other class: neither his clerkship in a banking house has preserved him from the contagion of poetry, nor his Quakerism deterred him from indulging in flirtations with the Muses. Poetical numbers and arithmetical figures have occupied him by turns, and he has written in annuals and magazines, as well as in ledgers and cash-books. Of another bard we will not disclose the name, but content ourselves with subjoining, by way of finale, the following characteristic stanzas:—

"The banks of Tyber, Tagus, Thames,
Are famed both in prose and rhyme,
And those of Isis—also Cam's
Have been bemoaned full many a time.

"The banks of Wye, of Eek, of Dee,
Are all with varied charms replete,
Yat of all banks, the Banks for me,
Are those of charming—*Lombard Street*.

"Sweet are the notes of 'feather'd quires,'
—The notes of birds, birds highly rank,—
But most of all, your bard admires,
A quire of notes of England's Bank."



Lincoln Memorial



THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Of all the markets of London, not excepting even those of Lendenhall and Billingsgate, by very far the most important is the Money Market; one, therefore, which it may be supposed never lacks customers, were it not that bargains in it must be paid for in kind. It is a sort of Smithfield, with this difference, that whereas this last is the mart for Live Stock, the money one is for *Stock* in the funds. Instead of cattle being sold in it, it is frequented by biped 'Bulls' and 'Bears,' who there drive bargains with each other,—a strange mystery, which may, perhaps, hereafter give rise to sundry profound speculations, and to the idea of such denominations having had some mystic astronomical meaning, connected with the sign *Taurus* and *Ursa Major*.

It might be expected that the business of this Market would be transacted within some gorgeous fabric, announcing itself to all from afar: but no,—on the principle, perhaps, of good wine needing no bush,—the Stock Exchange hangs out no sign. So far is it from seeking to entice custom by showiness of appearance, like the plate-glass fronts of some of our modern shops, that it affects an unusual degree of plainness, and instead of standing forth to public gaze, it modestly and coyly retires to the rear of the neighbouring buildings, where it stands at the extremity of a *cul-de-sac*, called *Capel Court*; the entrance of which is through the front of the New Alliance Office in Bartholomew Lane. This Exchange is therefore opposite neighbour to the Bank, and nearly next door one to the Royal Exchange.

About the beginning of the last century, when Stock-jobbing was in its infancy, transactions in it used to be carried on at a noted coffee-house in 'Change Alley, known by the name of 'Jonathan's.' Garraway's used also to be frequented as a place of resort and rendezvous by stock-jobbing adventurers. At length, the Brokers determined to erect a subscription room of their own, which was built in 1773, and named the Stock Exchange. That, however, being found insufficient for the purpose, another building was begun on the present site, and, as the inscription deposited under the foundation stone, says more to the purpose than inscriptions of the kind generally do, we shall here copy it.

"On the 14th of May, in the year 1801, and the 41st of the reign of George III., the first stone of this building, erected by private subscription, for the transaction of business in the public funds, was laid in the presence of the proprietors, and under the direc-

tion of William Hammond, William Stur, Thomas Roberts, Griffiths Jones, William Gray, Isaac Hensley, Robert Lutton, J. Bruckshaw, J. Capel, and J. Barnes, managers; James Peacock, architect. At this era, being the first year of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, the public Funded Debt had accumulated, in five successive reigns, to £552,730,924. The inviolate faith of the British nation, and the principles of the Constitution, sanction and secure the property embarked in this undertaking. May the blessings of that Constitution be secured to the remotest posterity!"

In regard to the building, this inscription completely settles one point which is not unfrequently left very doubtful, since it furnishes us with the architect's name—a name, by-the-by, that strikes somewhat as a misnomer, or contradiction with reference to the fabric itself, there being in the last as little of 'peacock' quality about it as can well be imagined. One would rather fancy it to have been designed by one of the 'lame ducks' about 'Change.' It appears, moreover, to have undergone considerable alteration since it was first erected,—at least in the inside. Ionic columns have there taken place of the piers and arches shown in earlier views of the interior. It must still, however, be content with the very equivocal sort of praise which has been bestowed upon it, that of being 'very neat,'—which, when applied to a building, or a design, is usually a civil expression equivalent to 'passably dowdyish.' At all events, description or further comment would be here superfluous.

Little as it possesses of architectural dignity or taste, this room is the great Money Market of the country, the scene where are transacted bargains amounting to millions. The rise and fall of Stocks are watched with the most intense anxiety, every one endeavouring to profit by the fluctuations in the market, and make his speculations accordingly. In causing such fluctuations, politics both foreign and domestic have no small share, and the Stock Exchange may be regarded as a sort of political thermometer of the country. Wars and rumours of wars, successes and reverses, changes in the policy of other governments,—all more or less affect the Money-market, and the price of Stocks. Hence the great interest attached to political news, and to obtaining the earliest communication of it; hence, too, the not unfrequent fabrication of what is called 'a piece of Stock-jobbing news,' expressly intended to produce either a rise or fall in the Stocks, of which advantage may be taken by those who contrive it. Stock-jobbing is, in fact, more or less a species of gambling,—at least is made such by many, and is pushed to a very great extent. Therefore, as may be supposed, those who play at such a game for heavy stakes, must sometimes be losers to a very great amount. Defaulters of this kind, who have made bargains which they cannot fulfil when the time for settling them arrives, are technically said to be 'lame ducks,' and 'waddle out of the alley,' in piteous plight; for the frequenters of the Stock Exchange have a sort of wit, and also of figurative language, peculiar to themselves. We have already borrowed two terms from their vocabulary, which sound

very fanciful to those who are unacquainted with their metaphorical meaning, viz. 'Bulls' and 'Bears'; but they evince some degree of humorous propriety when it is explained that the former are so denominated because they raise or *tos up* prices in the Money Market, and the latter because they endeavour to lower them or *bear them down*.

These 'Bulls' and 'Bears' are those concerned in what are called *time bargains*, that is, bargains to deliver stock on a certain day at a certain price, let the actual price current be then what it may; the 'Bull,' or buyer, believing that it will rise, and being interested in its doing so; the 'Bear,' on the contrary, that it will fall. These bargains are made for certain days, termed *settling days*, of which there are eight in the course of the year, fixed by the committee of the Stock Exchange. The settlement, however, does not usually consist of any actual payment of Stock, but merely of the payment of the difference, by the losing party; who, if he does not make good his engagement, becomes—whether Bull or Bear—a *Lame Duck*; he waddles away, and his name is ignominiously posted for a certain time in the Exchange. As payment of such time bargains cannot be legally enforced, but depend entirely on the point of honour, there is no other check against the evasion of such agreements than the fear of disgrace, of the loss of credit, and of exclusion from the Stock Exchange.

Of mere Stock-brokerage the business is comparatively simple; when a person wants either to buy into or sell out of the funds, that is, either to purchase or to sell so much stock, he usually employs a broker, whose profession it is to manage such transactions, thereby saving to individuals a great deal of trouble, and also of perplexity to those who are unacquainted with the forms to be observed. For this the broker receives one-eighth per cent, or half-a-crown for every hundred pounds, on the sum so transferred; this seems a very trifling remuneration for the service performed,—and in small transactions, a very inadequate one; but in larger ones, when tens of thousands are thus negotiated, the brokerage becomes considerable, although the transaction itself occupies no more time than the smallest one. Upon certain denominations of Stock, however, the brokerage is very much higher; on Bank Stock, for instance, it is nine shillings for every transfer under £25, and twelve shillings if above that amount; for that of South-Sea Stock it is ten shillings, if under £100, and twelve shillings if above it; and for India Stock of any amount, it is thirty-two shillings. A single transaction of the kind may therefore produce a very handsome remuneration to the broker; nor are they of rare occurrence, since there are many persons who are continually 'dabbling in the funds,' buying in and selling out alternately, from time to time, according as the prices of Stock may be in their favour. For such persons, the "Money Market and City Intelligence" is by far the most important and interesting part of a newspaper; leaving the Court-newsman's Chronicle, and fashionable tittle-tattle to others,—together with *faux-pas* in high life, and accidents and casualties in low life, their anxious inquiries are directed to the state of the Funds as reported in

daily bulletins. They know to a fraction the exact value of every species of Stock, or of Shares. They feel the pulse of Consols day by day; they will tell you if unfunded Securities are getting better or worse, and how many farthings per day is the rate of Exchequer Bills,—whether it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ d or $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. They are learned in 'Active Fives,' or 'Passive,' or 'Deferred;' 'Old South Sea,' and 'New South Sea,' 'Portuguese,' 'Mexican,' 'Columbian,' 'Spanish,' and other Bonds,—as if every country in the world was in a state of bondage and clanking its fetters,—are to them familiar household words, although an unintelligible dialect to those who are not initiated into the freemasonry of the Money-market.

Our readers will hardly expect from us any thing like a formal statistical account of the system of the public Funds, or of the arcana and mysteries of Stock-jobbing. However dense may be the darkness that enshrouds all the rest, one point is as clear as the sun at noon-day, namely, that it is a game of speculation, at which all cannot win,—albeit some individuals may be particularly distinguished for their 'winning ways,'—but, of course, it is all sheer good luck.—As we have not the entrée to the Stock Exchange, nor any dealings whatever there, so neither do we venture to speculate on the proceedings there, or on the characteristics of those who frequent it. From all we have heard, we should guess that they are not of the Chesterfield school, nor very nice observers of those graceful courtesies and charming *petits soins*

"Which gild the links that man enchains to man."

It is not gilding but gold which is the grand object of pursuit with those who minister in this fane, where presides Arithmetic with her mystic daughters nine, the Arabic numerals—each one of far more worth than twice nine Muses.—Whether ancient Greece had ever a Stock Exchange, is not now remembered, but modern Greek loans are not likely to be forgotten in the annals of our English money-market.



Uffizi Gallery, Florence

GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

AMONG the Civic Companies or Guilds of the City of London, that of the Goldsmiths is in some respects the chief, not only on account of its great antiquity, and its wealth, but because it keeps up far more of ancient state and etiquette than the rest, and its entertainments are, if not more luxurious in their cheer, conducted with greater magnificence. It is, besides, with the exception of the Apothecaries' Company, the only one which still continues to exercise any of the functions of its 'craft,' it still retaining the privilege and carrying on the business of assaying and stamping plate, which is done in the ground floor rooms, in the rear of their building.

Though it would seem that the Goldsmiths' art would be one of the latest in the progress of civilization and refinement, its productions being articles of mere show and luxury, and not of use; yet such is by no means the case. In the earlier stages of society, personal ornaments or other articles formed of the precious metals, constituted a principal portion of wealth, and were the chief marks of distinction. For mere luxuries of any other kind, wealth was then nearly useless, there being scarcely any which it could purchase, if it would. Besides the precious metals always represented money, and in rude, unsettled, and half-disciplined time, property in that shape was most secure,—that which could be most easily concealed or removed. Hence, during the middle ages, and when many of the other mechanic arts were scarcely advanced beyond the stage of necessity, and some not even invented, that of the 'workers in precious metals' was in great repute, and had attained to a considerable degree of perfection. To those artificers the Church was a good customer, though not so much at its own cost as through the devotion of others, who testified their zeal, at least their desire to secure the reputation of it, by gifts of high price, to altars and shrines, or in the shape of some of the various splendid church paraphernalia to which the religious ideas of the times attached so much importance, and even efficacy. For such purposes nothing was deemed too precious or too costly: in those days there was no *or-molu*, no Brummagem ware, no 'plated goods', no 'German silver' warranted to wear as well as the genuine metal, and which we have actually seen advertised as very suitable for vessels for the communion table. Whatever impostures may have been practised in those days, there was at least no imposture nor any thing sham in the gold and silver used in the service of the Church.

How far St. Dunstan was an impostor, or whether he imposed upon himself to the fall as much as he did upon other people, is doubtful. The scepticism of some modern

writers has treated the celebrated legend of his encounter with the Devil in *pro-pria persona*, and seizing him by the nose with a pair of red hot pincers, if not as a fiction, as a delusion on the part of the Saint; and they have, either charitably or profanely, supposed that he was at the time merely a little crack-brained, more especially as there were no witnesses present at the transaction. Whether it occurred only in his own imagination or not, this exploit obtained for Dunstan a character for great sanctity with the people, and afterwards the honour of being chosen by the Goldsmiths as their Patron Saint, which distinction he still retains, even to the present day; and there is even a painting of him in the Goldsmiths' Hall, in the background of which the artist has represented that memorable feat of his with the fiend.

St. Dunstan lived in the tenth century (925—988), and in those times monks and ecclesiastics were among the most expert proficient in some of the nicer mechanical arts; and it was in his cell at Glastonbury Abbey, that the future Saint practised his handicraft, and was so employed when surprised by the disagreeable visitor above mentioned. Of the holy man's skill and taste in his art, no specimens are now extant, but a gold ring with a sapphire, enumerated among the jewellery of Edward I., is described as being of his workmanship.

At that period, and for several centuries afterwards, instead of being regarded as a mere subordinate branch of art, *Orfèverie* was the chief ornamental one, and considerable taste of design and elaborate skill in execution were manifested in it; nor were our English artificers of that class at all inferior to those of other countries, but appear, from the reports of ancient chroniclers, to have been rather in advance of them. To what extraordinary pitch of perfection it was afterwards brought in Italy by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini in the 16th century, is well known: contemporary and personally acquainted with Michael Angelo, that extraordinary man was the Michael Angelo of his own profession, being *maximus in minimis*; yet Cellini was no saint, otherwise he would have deserved to be chosen the Patron of his craft.

Distinguished as artists, the goldsmiths of olden times were also a very important and influential body among the trading and mercantile classes, in consequence of their acting as 'Lombards', or bankers, advancing monies upon pledges and securities, or receiving them as deposits; thus carrying on the only species of banking then known, previously to the introduction of the present system in the 17th century, when Francis (afterwards Sir Francis) Child, goldsmith, became the first regular banker shortly after the Restoration, and the firm of that name still continues at this very day, in its original habitation, adjoining Temple Bar. This last circumstance vouches in the strongest terms for the solidity of that establishment, proving it to be, in one sense at least, more than a nominal firm, it having for the length of now nearly two centuries firmly resisted all shocks and changes. Sir Francis served the office of Lord Mayor; and the same magistracy had

frequently been held before by several eminent members of the guild or incorporation of the 'Mystery of Goldsmiths' of the city of London. Even as far back as the reign of Henry I., before they were so incorporated, Leofstane, a goldsmith, was mayor, or provost of London; in the first year of that of Richard I., Fitz Alewin Fitz Leofstane served the same office, and continued in it for five and twenty years; and in that of Edward I., Gregory Rokesly, another goldsmith, and master of all the king's mints within England, was mayor for eight years successively. With these slight and desultory references to former times, our readers will, no doubt be content,—at least will hardly be disappointed at not meeting with fuller and more formal historical information, in a work like the present one, evidently graphic and descriptive in its nature. In some instances, indeed, there is very little to be said in the way of description, the view itself being almost sufficiently explanatory of the building represented, yet such is by no means the case with such an edifice as Goldsmiths' Hall,—the *facile princeps*—the first of its class in the metropolis.

The late 'Hall' which succeeded to the one founded by Sir Drew Barentine, in 1407, for the use of the Goldsmiths' Company, and destroyed by the Great Fire, was a rather uncouth structure of brick and stone, yet not altogether deficient in a certain quaint stateliness. Never, indeed, was it of any great architectural note, and that end of Foster Lane was then so narrow—the whole situation so confined and choked up, that the building could hardly be seen from any one point. As soon, however, as the Post Office was erected, and the houses at its rear taken down, Goldsmiths' Hall made a somewhat forlorn appearance, and looked as if, after being so long pent up in an alley, it did not care to have the sun shine upon it. What share—if any—this circumstance had in determining the Company to erect a new 'Hall,' we are unable to say, but their former building was taken down in 1829, and the present structure forthwith commenced, from the designs of Mr. Hardwick, who has here produced a very noble piece of architecture,—imposing, both by the solidity of its construction, and the dimensions of its order; dignified in aspect, and remarkably rich in character, as regards the sculptured trophies introduced over the five centre windows of the West front. It has indeed been objected, that the ground floor is too plain and too tame to accord with the richness and boldness of the rest of the design; a defect, however, capable of being easily remedied at any time, should it be thought worth while to do so. As to the building being so badly situated, as some would have us believe, we do not see any reason for particular dissatisfaction in that respect. Although it does not stand in a main street, it is by no means shut out of sight, a view being caught of it from St. Martin's Le Grand; and although it certainly comes behind the Post Office, it cannot be said to be concealed or crowded up by that building, there being quite sufficient space to view it in front, nor is it at all a disadvantage that there is not *too much*. It is more to be regretted that the 'Hall' could not be placed parallel to the Post Office, at

least, the degree of obliquity between them been rendered less apparent. But it is time for us to enter Goldsmiths' Hall, and speak of its interior, more especially as that will be altogether new to many, no view whatever of it having, till now, appeared.

The entrance hall itself makes no great architectural show, it being treated merely as an outer vestibule, as which it is sufficiently spacious and handsome; still even here we have something to excite curiosity—a sort of promise of, and prelude to, still greater magnificence to come, as we catch imperfect glimpses of a splendid back-ground, showing itself—we will hazard the hull—in lustrous dimness through the glazed oak screen which separates, yet without entirely disuniting, the Hall and Grand-Staircase. Nothing can be better managed than this arrangement, whether as regards effect or convenience; without being altogether shut out of view even at first, the staircase does not come into view too soon; and the vestibule having first to be passed, gives an idea of greater extent than if that and the Staircase formed a single open space. By being enclosed, the latter is rendered infinitely more comfortable: not only draughts of air, but the noise attending the arrival of carriages and the setting down company, is cut off, and visitors can linger on the staircase in their ascent, without being exposed to the gaze of attendants in the hall. It certainly is a scene to linger in: most striking as is the *coup d'œil*, on first entering, and it is one of almost magical effect, a fresh architectural picture—a new combination, presents itself at every turn of the ascent; and as you advance, the space shews itself greater; nor is the full climax of effect gained until you have reached one of the side colonnades, and thence survey the full extent of the staircase from end to end (80 feet), across the four ranks of columns. We have here so many—such a succession of architectural scenery and effect, that it is quite impossible for any single view to do justice to, or convey an adequate idea of, such a subject.

Our engraving shows the staircase as seen on immediately entering, except that instead of being a direct front one, the view is turned a little obliquely, both as being thereby more picturesque, and as showing the upper part more clearly on one side, and the second range of columns. Standing on this spot, there is a striking degree both of expanse and loftiness over-head; to the first of these the depth of the colonnades and upper loggias contributes in no small degree, for had the design been in all other respects just the same, but with only a single line of columns on each side, the effect would have been considerably less—different, in fact, as to kind, as well as degree, and of by no means so striking and unusual character. The scenic effect thus produced is considerably enhanced by the mode in which the light is admitted entirely from above—over the centre division, through three large arched windows beneath the dome, on the south, west, and north sides, and over each of the loggias behind the columns, through three compartments in the flat ceiling, filled in with dispersed and stained glass, and therefore highly ornamental in themselves, and also tasteful novelties in design.



White House Hall on a bright night

White House Hall on a bright night

White House Hall on a bright night



GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

THE GRAND LIVERY OR BANQUETTING HALL.

Before we conduct our readers into the magnificent apartment which we have now to describe, we must be permitted to say something more in regard to the staircase; and as there is no intermediate matter, nor any interruption or break, except the beginning of a fresh page, we may avail ourselves of the convenience, and resume, in continuation of the preceding page.

We have yet to explain one or two matters that are rather important in an architectural interior, yet cannot be understood from an engraving,—and first as to colour; that of the walls is a light neutral tint inclining to buff, and the doors and doorcases are oak, but the shafts of the columns and pilasters are of dark green veined scagliola in imitation of *verde antico*, and their bases and capitals white. The balustrades of the stairs are of bronze, and others of the same material and pattern enclose one compartment of each colonnade, and a narrower passage or balcony, which allows persons to cross from one side to the other without passing through the rooms, or having to descend one flight of stairs, and ascend the opposite one.

Captivating in its ensemble as a highly scenic piece of architecture, this staircase derives additional picturesque effect from the introduction of statues, viz. four figures of boys, representing the four Seasons, and two larger ones in the middle intercolumn of each colonnade above; that on the South, or right-hand side, and which is shown in the engraving, being Diana, the opposite one Apollo. The two last are from the antique, and, accordingly, shew themselves only as ornamental pieces of art, without any particular meaning in relation to the place; but in regard to the others, which were executed expressly for the situations they occupy, and which in themselves are highly creditable to their sculptor, Mr. Samuel Nixon, it could be wished that more appropriate characters had been selected for them—not indeed that they are decidedly inappropriate, considered indeed, as mere figures, they tell exceedingly well, yet they carry with them no meaning, nor any sort of discoverable allusion to the 'Company,' or the purposes of their building, and therefore seem as if they had been originally intended for some other situation.

Another piece of sculpture here, and one deserving particular attention, is a very fine marble bust, by Chantrey, of William IV. Unnoticed it can hardly be, since it occupies a very conspicuous situation in a niche immediately facing us, as we ascend the first flight of stairs, but owing to the point from which the view is taken, this niche is not seen in our

engraving. Immediately over it in the centre compartment, hangs a large portrait of George IV. on horseback, by Northcote, between those of George III. and Queen Charlotte, presented to the 'Company' by William IV., from the royal collection at Kensington.

We will now ascend the stairs, passing up the flight on the right, to the South colonnade, or loggia, from which point we behold the whole in quite different and various combinations, but we must not allow ourselves to pause and speak of them, neither must we yet enter the Banqueting Hall, though there is a door leading into it immediately on the top of the stairs, whichever side we ascend; but we first enter what is called the Livery Tea-room. This, it must be confessed, makes no very favourable impression, especially when seen for the first time, after having just before been fascinated by the architectural display in the staircase. It is spacious and well-proportioned, but makes no show at all, the walls being merely wainscotted and panelled, owing to which, and to the nearness of the opposite houses, it has a rather sombre appearance by day-light. There is a large picture by Hudson, with portraits of many eminent members belonging to the 'Company,' but nothing else to arrest attention. We will therefore proceed at once to the suite of state rooms in the West front; the first of which, as entered at this end from the South loggia of the Staircase, is the Court Dining-room, 52 feet by 28; then comes the Drawing-room, 42 feet, by 28; and beyond that the Court, or Council-room; this last apartment would be of precisely the same dimensions as the Dining-room, and would, like that, be entered immediately from the adjoining loggia of the staircase, were not its length reduced fourteen—that is, to 38 feet, by a narrow ante-room or corridor—corresponding with the north loggia of the staircase—being got out of it. While it is attended with very great convenience, this by no means disarranges the plan, or interrupts the continuity of the suite, there being still a vista from end to end, when all the folding doors are thrown open; at the same time, moreover, a greater degree of variety is produced, no two rooms being exactly similar in dimensions, although all of the same breadth.

After this explanation of the general arrangements, we may now enter into a few particulars relative to the separate rooms:—its dimensions being above stated, we need not say that the Court Dining-room is a spacious apartment, yet in other respects it is by no means very striking—rather sedate, not to say sombre, in character, the whole being of oak or oak colour—even the very columns; which last serve to divide off from the room (thus made exactly of the same size as the Council-room) an entrance compartment corresponding with the small ante-room. This taste for oak wainscoting and panelling, seems to be a sort of traditional one, and a matter of etiquette, adopted from the older civic Halls, for it is adhered to in the Council-room, and has found its way even into the Grand Banqueting Hall; and that it carries with it an air of solemn civic dignity, cannot be denied, but it must also be acknowledged that such style of fitting-up is not altogether

in keeping with that of the building itself; besides which, it has a monotonous effect, especially if—as is the case here—it is not relieved by richly carved panels and other ornaments, or by pictures in gilt frames. The only object of interest in this room, is the white marble chimney-piece, on whose frieze is sculptured, within a wreath held by two boys, a front-face medallion of Richard II., who bestowed on the Goldsmiths' what may be considered their principal charter.

On passing from this to the Drawing-room, the contrast is striking enough, perhaps greater than is altogether desirable, considering that the two apartments are immediately connected together; especially as the contrast, if favourable as regards one room, is almost as much the reverse in regard to the other. Here, perhaps, we behold rather too much of the modern upholsterer and decorator,—a touch too strong of West-end *comme-il-faut* in taste. The walls are covered with panels of figured crimson satin, bordered by gold mouldings on a white ground, the furniture and draperies *en suite*, and every article—to the fender and fire irons, bespeaks costly luxury. You walk upon magnificence as you tread upon the moss-like carpet, in the centre of which are emblazoned the Company's heraldic bearings; you behold magnificence over head, as you gaze on the ceiling fretted and embossed all over with a profusion of stucco-work, and on the radiant chandelier with its countless gems of crystal. When this last becomes a blazing constellation of tapers,—when those are multiplied, and the whole pomp of the scene reflected again and again in the ample mirrors on the walls,—when the very atmosphere seems loaded with the perfumes of all Araby,—when 'bevy of gay dames,' radiant in loveliness or in jewellery, people this bower of splendour,—why then adieu to criticism—it feels overwhelmed, stunned, crushed—annihilated!

So viewed in its full perfection, such a scene might well be deemed the climax of splendour here—while under the immediate influence of its witchery; yet this is only the comparative degree: the superlative is not reached till we enter the Grand Banqueting Hall, which is therefore shown last of all the state-rooms, and, for reasons we shall presently explain, it is better to enter it from the south than from the north loggia of the staircase. This noble and strikingly scenic architectural apartment is 80 feet in length, by 40 in breadth, and 35 high, dimensions that have very rarely been exceeded in any room of the kind.* It is lighted on the east side by five lofty arched windows, which, instead of having panes of the usual kind, are divided into large compartments entirely filled in with diapered ground glass, and with emblazoned armorial bearings. That of the windows naturally divides the sides of the room into the same number of compartments

* The Banqueting room at Fishmongers' Hall is 73 feet by 38, and 33 high; that in the new range of apartments at Chisworth 81 by 31, and 21½ high; and the state dining room at Buckingham Palace is 60 by 35 feet, exclusive of a deep sideboard above at one end.

or intercolumns, there being an order of Corinthian columns. These are of scagliola in imitation of Sienna marble, with white bases and capitales—the last relieved with gold, and are raised on a continued stylobate, about four feet high. What here adds very greatly to the effect of the order, and is, besides, of unusual character in internal composition, is its being in high relief: in general, where an order is introduced at all into a room against the walls, it is merely as pilasters, or half columns, whereas in this instance the columns are not only insulated, but are backed by pilasters, which produces an increased degree of richness, and contributes greatly to the play of perspective.

On the west side, or that facing the windows, the two extreme intercolumns are occupied by the doors communicating with the loggias of the staircase, consequently the stylobate is there of necessity interrupted: in the three other intercolumns are as many full-length portraits, viz., that in the centre of William IV., by Sir Martin Archer Shee; to the right of him Queen Adelaide by the same artist, and the other, that of her present Majesty, by Sir George Hayter. The north end of the room, which is that shown in our view, presents what is both a novel and characteristic feature, as well as a striking one in the general coup d'œil, as seen on first entering from the opposite end—namely, the large niche serving as a beaufet. This is hung with scarlet drapery in folds, on which the light falls from above through a glazed semi-dome; yet, although happy in idea, this last does not produce in the day-time all the effect which it might have done, had that opening been filled with warm amber-coloured glass. The appearance, however, is most superb of an evening, when, on the occasion of a banquet, this recess is decked out with what has been called 'the very best edition of Goldsmith's Works'—the Company's magnificent array of plate, rendered still more dazzlingly splendid by the intense lustre poured full upon it, by lights which themselves are not seen by the spectator.

Turning now in the opposite direction, to the south end of the room, our admiration abates very considerably, for that is so different in design and character from all the rest, as not to seem to belong to it. Here we behold an oak screen, with Corinthian columns and pilasters, over which is an open gallery: the order, indeed, is the same, but of very different material and colour, and being of one uniform colour throughout, this screen contrasts far more strongly than agreeably with the scagliola columns along the sides of the room. The general design or ordonnance of the room is, besides, disturbed by it, as its order is upon a smaller scale, and quite unconnected with the larger one. This screen carries a quaint old-fashioned look, expressive enough of olden times and civic customs, yet ill assorting with the more refined and elaborate splendour of the room. We do not, however, at all attribute it to the architect's own taste, but suppose that it was forced upon him as a point of etiquette. at all events it does not mar the general character of the room as represented in the view, for there the spectator turns his back upon the screen—as we must now do upon our subject.



Interior of the Crystal Palace

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CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

For those exact historians who make a point of beginning at the beginning, or even earlier,—of giving us, like the author of *Tristram Shandy*, the history of a man before he is born, recording all his ante-natal circumstances,—for such, this Hospital is a capital subject, because its architectural pedigree may be traced back to times much more remote than the institution of the present establishment, which is, comparatively, but of yesterday origin. Prior to the dissolution of monastic institutions and religious houses in this country, by our English 'Defender of the Faith,' here stood the convent of Grey Friars, or Franciscans—so named from their founder, St. Francis of Assisi, who died in 1226, and obtained his apotheosis, by being admitted into the Romish calendar, four years afterwards. The dissolute habits of his youth have not been thought to detract from his character for sanctity; perhaps rather to render it all the more impressive, owing to the life of extreme austerity and mortification to which he afterwards devoted himself, contrasting so forcibly with his earlier delinquencies. The austerities which he practised in his own person, he imposed upon his followers—one of the four orders of Mendicant Friars,—who wore coarse grey habits, girded with cord, and went barefooted: for in those days cleanliness was so far from being esteemed any particular virtue, that the opposite to it was rather considered a mark of sanctity.

About the time of the saint's death—rather earlier than later—nine brethren of the Order came over to this country, where some of them settled awhile at Canterbury, while others repaired forthwith to London. Here they were well received, first by some monks of the Order of St. Dominick, who had arrived in this country but a short time before them; and next by a Sheriff of London, who not only entertained them in his house in Cornhill, but allowed them to make themselves cells in it. As, however, the house was not consecrated, and their accommodations, perhaps, very scanty, the holy brethren soon found out that they could not perform their devotions in it,—at least, not celebrate their holy offices duly. It was accordingly requisite that they should be provided with some more suitable habitation, nor was it long ere this was effected, through the zeal and liberality of some of the wealthier citizens, especially of a mercer or merchant, named John Ewia, who purchased a piece of ground adjacent to what was then called St. Nicholas' Shambles, on a part of the site of the present Hospital; besides which, he contributed largely towards the buildings, and afterwards took the vows of the Order.

All this was, however, but the prelude to greater munificence on the part of benefactors, and greater splendour on that of the 'Mendicants,' and their institution. A chapel, 'of sumptuous character,' was erected for them by William Joyner, Lord Mayor of London, in 1239; the cost of which fabric, we are told, amounted to the sum of two hundred pounds!—now hardly sufficient to pay for the mere scaffolding; but in those days 'money was money.' Costly as it was, that structure was afterwards deemed both insufficient in itself, and falling short of the reputation of the Order, and of the place. The number of devotees and benefactors increasing, another and statelier edifice was begun in the early part of the following century, when Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I., erected the choir, and John Britain, Earl of Richmond, the nave. The building was completed in about twenty-one years (1316—1337), and was 300 feet long, 89 broad, and 74 high; and though there is nothing now to afford evidence of its architectural beauty, we may fairly take for granted this last to have been fully equal to that of the finest works of the same period, perhaps the abbey church of Westminster itself hardly excepted.

Certain it is that the Grey Friars' church shared with that of Westminster the honour of being selected by the high and noble in the land, as their place of sepulture. "From the first foundation unto the dissolution, six hundred and sixty-three persons of quality were here interred:" some of them of the highest quality, and at the same time of the very worst.

Among the benefactors to this house of Grey Friars, Sir Richard Whittington, of *feline* celebrity, must not be forgotten, for he it was who founded its library, a noble room, 129 feet long, and 31 broad, the first stone of which was laid by him in 1421. As this was somewhat before the art of printing was invented, such an apartment was sufficiently spacious to contain all the books then in existence, yet its shelves must have been but scantily furnished with them, if it be true that the cost of them did not exceed 556*l.* 10*s.*; four hundred of which were defrayed by Whittington himself; because in that age books were exceedingly costly articles: copies of original manuscripts could be multiplied only by the very tedious process of transcription,—an Herculean labour in the case of bulky folios, especially when crammed with "all that reading which is never read." One hundred marks, we are told, were paid for "writing out of D. Nicholas de Lyra his works, in two volumes, to be chained there;"—an odd, though not unusual precaution then in vogue, from which we must suppose that the filching of books—even of folios, was no uncommon practice, unless they were so guarded.

That the religious orders, and that of the Franciscans in particular, distinguished themselves by their learning, is not to be denied; and strange would it have been, had it been otherwise, seeing that what learning—literature it can hardly be called—there was in those ages, was confined to them and schoolmen. They were, in fact, "the one-

eyed monarchs of the blind," for many princes and nobles could then hardly write their own names. To those happy or unhappy times, there was no reading public,—not even so much as a 'reading fly,' perhaps even a still greater phenomenon than a *singing mouse*.—merely book-worms—patient masticators of books long since consigned to other worms, and left even by their possessors to moulder and rot in charnel-houses of learning, called libraries.

The religious fraternities did not very long preserve their early reputation, either for studiousness or sanctity of morals: on the contrary, they rendered themselves notorious by their indolent and dissolute lives. Or, if such were not the case, most foully and grossly have they been slandered, and that not only by modern writers, but by their contemporaries, nor least of all by one who, although he has lately been described as "a brutal ruffian," is still regarded as one of the great Italian classics. Much later, even at the very time of the Reformation, another writer of scandalous tales, in which Monks and Friars are not spared, was, if not rewarded for publishing them, at least not considered unworthy of ecclesiastical preferment; accordingly, instead of being suspended and degraded, Bandello obtained a mitre! Such was the exemplary state of morals and public opinion in 'the good old times!'

In this country the dissolution of monasteries put an end to the dissolute conduct of monks and religious beggars, by sweeping them all away: and harsh as such measure may have been,—sordid and unworthy as were the motives which prompted an avaricious and tyrannical monarch to it, we cannot but regard the event itself as a most happy and providential one. The Grey Friars were suppressed along with the rest; their church stripped of its ornaments, and despoiled of its sumptuous monuments, and converted into a magazine for public stores. Yet this is no matter for regret, since, had the edifice remained altogether uninjured at that time, it would still have perished in the Great Fire.

On the ruins of the original institution a better and nobler one has arisen; certainly one more in keeping with the spirit of modern times. The race of monks has been expelled; Grey Friars have been succeeded by Blue-coat School boys, who still retain in their costume a strong smack of antiquity; recalling to memory the days of their founder—our English Marcellus, the sixth Edward. By the advice of Bishop Ridley, the youthful monarch ordered, among other charitable provisions for the poor, that the buildings of the late Monastery of Grey Friars should be converted into an Hospital for the maintenance and education of poor children, which good work was eagerly promoted by many of the principal citizens; and not two days before his death, Edward endowed the establishment with the sum of "four thousand marks by the year." Albeit of a very different turn of disposition from the pious Edward, Charles II. was also a considerable benefactor, since he it was who founded the Mathematical School, chiefly intended to provide for the study of navigation. Nor is Dame Mary Ramsey to be accounted among the least munificent of

donors to the Hospital, since she made a bequest to it, whose annual value now amounts to £1000.

At present the general management of the Hospital is conducted by governors, consisting of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and twelve Common Councilmen, chosen by their colleagues; besides which official personages, others are admitted as governors, who become life-benefactors of not less than £400, and these last enjoy in rotation the privilege of presenting a boy to the foundation as vacancies occur. One of the qualifications on the part of the children so presented, is that their parents have no adequate means of "maintaining and educating them." Yet considerable relaxation of the exact letter of this condition has taken place, and it is now construed with tolerably liberal latitude. At the present day, and in this march-of-refinement age, neither the parents nor the children would care to have it imagined that the latter receive a purely eleemosynary education, because the former are unable else to provide them with any at all.

Refinement, however, has not yet interfered with outward marks and badges. Despite all revolutions and innovations in dress, both as to its cut and its colours, the primitive costume of "Edward's Boys" is still rigorously adhered to, even to the black worsted cap, of such miniature dimensions that it can be used only as a *chapeau de bras*, and to the yellow petticoat and stockings, which, with the rest, produce a livery resembling that of "old blue-and-brimstone," alias, the Edinburgh Review. Nor is this severity of ancient costume confined to dress alone, but extends to much in the mode of living, which partakes, though in a milder and modified form, of conventual rule. The Hall serves as the Refectory of these youthful cenobites; and though their fare is good and abundant, it is neither of the daintiest, nor served up in the most elegant style. The Blues do not patronize crockery ware of any kind: the manufacturers are not at all indebted to them, nor they ever in debt for it to the manufacturers or dealers in it. Except knives and forks, all the other articles of their table-service are of wood; wooden platters, wooden dishes, wooden bowls, wooden pails for potatoes, and, worse than all, wooden spoons! This last is almost malicious—as if in derision of those unfortunate wights who are distinguished by the title of "Wooden-spoons" at another and more advanced seat of learning. Notwithstanding this Spartan "set out," the boys fall to with the appetites of monks, and in as profound silence as De-Trappists. Strict order and subordination are preserved; the boys are divided into companies of fifty to each table, at the head, or rather the lower end of which, sits a matron or "dame," who is assisted in her own labours of helping, by one or two of the elder boys. The lady's duties are confined to carving; nor in that is any extraordinary expertness required, the slices being not quite so delicately fine as "Vauxhall slices;" neither is any very profound anatomical science needed for dissecting solid boiled beef, and roast legs of mutton; which constitute almost the full extent of the bill of *fare*, into which *fool* never comes.

There is even something classical in such fare, at the same time that it is, at all

1st floor - view - looking - N. - from - 100





events, a degree more refined than that of Homer's heroes. It ought, therefore, to agree with both the palates and the stomachs of the Bluecoat "Grecians." It seems, however, that "*Gag*," which is here the cant term for unctuous morsels of fat, is not in particular request among the boys, but rather eschewed than either chewed or bolted down;—such is the perverseness and inexperience of youth! If we may believe Charles Lamb,—who is, however, not uniformly to be understood literally in what he says,—a "*Gag-eater*" was in his time regarded as an all-devouring animal, and little better than a Ghoul.

The name of Charles Lamb—the gentle, the humorous, the original, the quaint, and sometimes sarcastic "*Elia*"—is intimately associated with Christ's Hospital: this is the "*sunniest*" name that meets us in all its history. He was a genuine poet—in prose; not that he affected either pompous writing or tawdry superfluous sentiment. Had such been the case he would, perhaps, have been almost universally admired, and now as universally forgotten. As it was, his happiest and raciest effusions were mere *gag* to the million, who have no idea of pleasantry, except of that which excites a horse-laugh; or of sentiment, except it be in the Ereles or the Maudlin vein, and blubbers outright. *Elia*, thy bust should grace the Hall of Christ's Hospital, as that of one of its benefactors who has preserved to us some of its most attractive "*Recollections*," nor the less so, because they are of a kind which the buckram dignity of history takes no note of. With all his other recommendations, the "*gentle Charles*" was a very egotist, and of egotists the most delightful and truly companionable. In him, egotism was not a failing, but a virtue; for it is his perpetual reference to his own tastes and feelings that gives such a peculiar charm to all his best writings. O! rare egotism! when it comes in such a shape!

Besides that of *Elia*, other literary names are not wanting to grace the annals of "*Bluecoat School*:" some of them, indeed, are now nothing more than mere names which come upon us as the ghosts of departed reputations; and such a one is that of the "*celebrated*" Joshua Barnes, of whom, notwithstanding his scholarship, Bentley used to say that his knowledge of Greek was about equal to that of an Athenian cobbler. Very far brighter and more universally known, is that of the author of "*Clarissa*," but even the fame of Richardson, once extended through all Europe, has waxed dim, and is now quite shorn of its beams. Alas! for the brevity of literary immortality! So, too, may it be, perhaps, a century hence with the author of *Waverley*; for the most extraordinary degree of contemporary applause is no pledge whatever for that of posterity. Who was ever more extravagantly admired in his day, who now more completely forgotten than Gherardini? Unlike either Richardson or Scott, Samuel Taylor Coleridge never even approached the confines of literary popularity: he was a writer with whom popularity, and those who bestow it, have no sympathy; he did not win, but neither did he woo it; nevertheless, his name is likely to outlive many others which stand far higher in public favour. Among other Blue-coats of note must be mentioned Fanshawe Middleton, the first bishop of Calcutta, who is better remembered by

his treatise on "the Greek Article," than by his "Country Spectator"—a literary performance of very gentle mediocrity. Then, there are Mitcheil, the translator of Aristophanes, and Barnes the second, a writer of very different stamp from Joshua; for while the last edited Homer, the other was content to be the editor of the "Times" newspaper—that "mighty Iliad of the passing hour;" small indeed, therefore, will be his portion of posthumous celebrity, even though the "Times" itself should live and flourish for centuries to come. Others there may be, yet unknown to fame, of whom Christ's Hospital will one day be proud as having been their Alma Mater.

Could those whom we have mentioned, and others whose names, if less known, are yet linked with familiar traditions of the School, revisit Christ's Hospital, they would hardly recognise the place itself as the scene of their youthful studies and sports, so greatly has it been changed within the last twenty years. Whereas, formerly all the buildings of the Hospital were so completely shut out from public view by the houses in Newgate Street, that in passing through that neighbourhood, a stranger had no suspicion of their "whereabouts:" the new Hall forms a very striking architectural object, and, in fact, the only one of its kind in the whole of the Metropolis. The collegiate character is too plainly expressed to be mistaken: the long low cloister which runs beneath the Hall on its South side, serves to point out, almost at once, the particular purpose of the building; yet it must be confessed, that there is one circumstance that somewhat jars the impression we might else receive: we allude to the total exposure of the court or play-ground where that "cloistered" building stands, to one of the most public and noisiest thoroughfares. One naturally looks for some more quiet and retired situation, one marked by greater seclusion from the every-day bustle of the world, and where all would be alike characteristic. It may be replied, that this is merely matter of feeling, and so it certainly is; but then, in such matters, feeling, or whatever else we choose to call it, amounts to a very great deal.

Would we, then, have the Hall quite shut out from the street as before? Not so, either. But we certainly should like to see some more distinct separation between the territory of the School and the street; and this might easily enough have been accomplished, by erecting, towards the street, a double screen of open arches, somewhat similar to the one which has been built on the North side of what is called the Garden Court—which, by connecting together the two Lodges, might have been made to form with them a pleasing architectural frontispiece. Nor, in such case, would the Hall have shewn itself to particular disadvantage, by not being fully exposed to sight as soon as it can be seen at all. The present iron gates and railings are certainly poor enough in effect; neither have the two Lodges much to recommend them: they are by far too insignificant and trivial, as well as small,—very unworthy accompaniments, in fact, to the Hall itself.

This last was begun in 1825, when the first stone was laid, April 28th, by the Duke of York. It is by very far the best modern specimen of the style adopted for it, which had

been then produced in the Metropolis; which, however, is not saying much in its praise, considering what sort of Gothic the previous and contemporary specimens are, not, perhaps, excluding two or three later ones; some of which are, in comparison with this structure (by the late John Shaw, who was also architect of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street), but a degree or two better than "Guildhall Gothic." The South elevation of the Hall (which is, in fact, the only architectural one, the other side and the ends being shut out by other buildings), consists of nine wide but low arches in the basement, forming an open cloister or ambulatory, 16 feet wide; and as many lofty windows over them, of the earlier Tudor character. In the rear of the cloister are kitchens, butteries, and other offices which serve as arsenals for the *ammunition de bouche* required by the numerous garrison; and at the East end of this cloister, turning to the left, we immediately enter an ample but plain staircase, and proceed to an upper lobby cut off from that end of the Hall, beneath the Organ Gallery, and divided from the former by a wainscot screen, with glazed openings.

Were it only on account of its dimensions—in which respect it is surpassed by few ancient, and unequalled by any other modern example of the kind, in the kingdom*—this Hall must be pronounced a noble room; yet, perhaps, it does not strike so forcibly at first as might be expected; which may, perhaps, be accounted for without any great difficulty. The whole place has too much the general air and character of a chapel, or other ecclesiastical building, where we are accustomed to look for space, to strike as a room of the same or even less dimensions, but of different character would do. There is, however, one peculiarity which materially takes off from its church-like look, and also distinguishes it from most other collegiate Dining Halls. Though the circumstance alluded to shows itself plainly enough in our plate, it is not every one who, even thus forewarned, may be able to detect it; we therefore point out for their notice, that this Hall is lighted only on one side, and by a single range of windows; there being besides only two small ones, filled with stained glass, placed high up at the east end, in the organ gallery, one on each side of the instrument, consequently behind the spectator, who is supposed in the view to be stationed in that gallery.

What farther gives some incidental character to this interior, is the enormous framed

* In order to convey a clearer idea of its magnitude and spaciousness, we here state both its own dimensions, and those of some other examples.

	Length.	Breadth.	Height.
Westminster Hall	238 ft.	67 ft.	80 ft.
Christ's Hospital	187 —	51 —	47 —
Guildhall	153 —	48 —	55 —
Lincoln's Inn (New Hall)	120 —	45 —	64 —
Creeby Hall	60 —	27 —	38 —

picture, by Verrio, representing Charles II. giving an audience to the governors and scholars. The most that can be said of it in its present state is that its size renders it a curiosity, for it is certainly dingy even to dismalmess. It serves well enough to cover a very large portion of the surface of the wall, but does not contribute so much to splendour and magnificence as it does to solemnity. The same may be remarked in regard to the other pictures, some of which are so placed as to be but very dimly visible. Such is the case with that by Holbein, at the west end of the room, which represents the royal founder of the Hospital granting the charter to the Lord Mayor, and other representatives of the City. In fact, it is a mere unmeaning application of epithets to bestow that of 'splendid' on this Hall; there being very little of positive decoration in it, and that of a far more sober than showy kind: nor is this at all a defect, whereas magnificence would have been out of keeping with the homely simplicity of the 'banquets' here served up.

The 'public suppers' held here every Sunday from the commencement of February till Easter, are not of such sumptuous character as to fill the spectators, who are admitted into the gallery at those feeding times, with eager and wishful longings for the good cheer on the tables. These suppers are conducted in the same manner as the dinners, which we have already described; the chief difference being, that the two rows of chandeliers are then lighted; to which may be added another difference, which especially distinguishes these from all other public banquets, viz., instead of toasts being drank and speechifyings made afterwards, the organ begins to play, an anthem is sung, and then the boys, headed by their respective dames, depart in a long procession, two and two, making their obeisances to the President, who is seated in a chair of state, on the *deix* at the upper end of the room.

There is an annual public oration in the presence of the Lord Mayor and other visitors, on the Thursday in the Easter week, and this ceremony forms the subject of the engraving, which gives a view of the Hall from the Organ Gallery at its east end.

The second plate gives a representation of another peculiar annual ceremony or custom, which, though it does not take place in the Hall, or any where else within the Hospital itself, forms one of the privileges of the School; we mean the annual presentation of the boys to the Sovereign. Truly must they, in their quaint attire, seem strange visitors within the walls of St. James's Palace, amidst all the pomp and pageantry of a royal birth-day drawing-room; and their number would certainly render them inconvenient ones, by excluding all other company, were it not limited to only six, who, attended by one of the masters, are admitted into the Throne Room, just before the ceremony of the Drawing Room commences. As soon as the Queen enters from the Royal Closet, the boys drop down upon their knees, holding up their maps, or other specimens of their proficiency, for royalty to bestow a gracious smile upon. This being done, they rise and immediately retire, with lingering thoughts, perhaps, though not with lingering steps; for wine, cake, and numerous social et-ceteras, await their return to the Hospital.



Miss L. M. M. and
Miss L. M. M.





UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

THERE is no Club which possesses more characteristic features than the United Service. Order, and a well regulated adaptation of the means to the end, are observable throughout: it has less of luxury, but exhibits apparently more of real comfort than any we have seen. Devoid of much architectural beauty, with decorations simple almost to severity, it excels every other Club,—by the employment of the Fine Arts to give permanence to its records, to impart a deeper feeling to its social resources, and a higher interest to its original design.

We can readily conceive the motives which have led to the formation of this Society. At the close of the war in 1815, a number of highly educated men were separated by merely casual circumstances from their comrades of the past campaign. There was no place of rendezvous, no point of common resort. Now, perhaps, there are no classes to whom social intercourse is more a habit, or necessity, than the military and the naval. The merchant is always a merchant, the statesman has ever his policy, and every accident is an event to a thorough political M.P. To such men life can always supply excitement and occupation. With the Naval and Military professions it is not so; and whilst to these, the present is comparatively a dead letter, the past has ever a living interest. If the contrasting circumstances of life have their charms,—the military career supplies them; if danger, valour, personal incident, success or misfortune, exert an influence over the minds of men,—what fiction ever penned by Tasso, Ariosto, or Spenser, and selected from the most poetic period of romantic fiction, can equal the simplest recital of the soldier's career? Imagination and memory are two of the kindest gifts bestowed by Nature upon man: one invests the events of life with a charm, without which they would cease either to excite or enhance action; the other rewards ambition and the love of excellence, and provides, moreover, unending enjoyment, by its power of reflecting the lights and shadows of the storied past. Whatever the age, clime, government, manners and customs of a people, the details of military action have ever formed a part of its earliest literature. The poems of Homer, the Songs of the Northern Bards, the Ballad history of Spain and England, are but the rhythmical arrangement of the narratives common to a warrior class, and by them narrated to their countrymen. A more advanced stage of civilization, may change the mode of transmitting events, but it does not eradicate the motive, or diminish the pleasure of

their recital; and were even such details of no moment to the multitude, they would form a strong bond of union, and supply a sufficient cause for the association of men to whom they are as the oral biography of their lives.

The General Military Club was formed on the 31st of May, 1815, was joined by Officers of the Navy on the 24th of January, 1816, and on the 10th of February following, assumed the name of the "UNITED SERVICES CLUB." The house was built by Mr. Nash: the exterior has no claims to originality, and is singularly plain, and unimposing. The total expense incurred in its erection was £42,000: it was first opened in November, 1828, prior to which period the Club had been located in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where it was first formed, with the sanction and co-operating aid of many members of the Royal Family, and of Officers of the very highest rank in the Army and Navy. The building was commenced in 1826, and owes much to the taste and genius of the present Earl de Grey.

The Hall, by which you enter, differs from that of any other Club, not only by its very moderate dimensions, but simple mode of decoration. The walls are painted in imitation of light veined marble, the columns and pilasters of red granite. On either side are two small rooms, forming a Visitor's Waiting Room, and the Porter's Lobby. Proceeding to the right, you ascend the principal staircase, a lofty, imposing, well proportioned space, from the centre of which a flight of steps arises, with branches to a spacious landing. The piers and arches are painted in yellow Siena; brocatello is employed upon the plinths and bases of the pilasters; the cornices and architraves are of light veined marble. The entire space is lighted by a spacious turret, which springs from the side compartments, is boldly ornamented, and painted in shades, with the enrichments marked out in colours. The Balustrades are of white and gold, and from the centre of the dome, a handsome Budo light is suspended. From this description our readers will perceive the style of embellishment here adopted is opposed to that of the Clubs we have described.

Architectural effect, comparatively speaking, there is none: it wants the refined perception of the beautiful, which is the sentient property of the Athenæum; and the rich and full conception of decorative design remarkable in the Reform Club. Grandeur there is,—as space; yet there are parts which are oppressive, from the massive and undecorated surface they oppose to the eye. But a feature impressive almost as Architecture, and combining the highest taste with the most honourable feeling, now presents itself. The Club has evoked the aid of the Fine Arts, and the decoration of this house consists really in the works of genius which adorn its walls,—by portraits, which revive the affections of the living, by recalling the memory of the dead; and by pictures depictive of the valour which fell at Trafalgar, and the dauntless endurance which triumphed at Waterloo. These pictures it will be our desire more particularly to describe. In a recess of the East Wall, the visitor first observes a fine statue of the Duke of York, by the late

Sir Francis Chantrey; and around the Gallery—The Battle of Waterloo, painted by George Jones, Esq., R.A., and that of Trafalgar, by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.; portraits of the Duke of Wellington, by W. Robinson; of Nelson, the head painted by Jackson, from a picture by Hoppner, in Greenwich Hospital, and finished upon that artist's death by W. Robinson in 1831; of Sir John Moore, by W. Robinson, after a half-length painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for Admiral Sir Graham Moore; and Lord Exmouth, by S. Lane, painted in 1834 from a half-length by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for Lord Sidmouth.

To enter into criticism upon these works of art would be unnecessarily to extend this paper. Stanfield's "Trafalgar" is the only modern picture of this class upon which we have dwelt with pleasure. No subject is so difficult to place on canvas as a Naval engagement; the eye ranges over a space, in which the perpetual recurrence of similarity of form in the objects represented, and which occupy necessarily so great a portion of the scene, is apt to produce sameness of effect. Points of insulated interest may add to the poetry of the composition, and excite the passionate emotions of the spectator. This, however, is rather the property of such subjects as the "Death of Nelson," where the emotive feeling arises from the particular incident depicted, or flows from some individual feature of the engagement. Few, however, have been enabled to represent a general conflict, to pourtray and concentrate the progress of the action, and so to combine fiction with truth, that we lose no portion of the event, or retire uninfluenced by the impression it should convey. But this Stanfield does, as Van de Velde would have done.

Due west, are the Morning and Writing Rooms—the former 43 feet long by 27; and the latter 27 feet by 30; but as these offer no peculiarity of architectural arrangement, and their decorations are nearly similar to those of the Coffee Room adjoining, we shall consider them together. The Coffee Room faces the south; it is 100 feet long by 30 wide, and divided into three compartments by screens of scagliola columns, representing red granite, with statuary marble capitals and bases. It is well lighted by nine windows, the cornices and ceiling are distempered in tints, the walls of light stone colour; and the frieze and entablature are tastefully relieved in subdued shades. The curtains in all the rooms hang from the full height of the cornice, which adds much to the general good effect. Desirable as it may be in rooms of this description to maintain in every manner the impression of vastness of dimension, in order, doubtless, that the modern Coffee Room may imitate the Banqueting Hall of our more Saxon ancestry, we must yet be permitted to doubt the propriety of attempting to obtain this effect by coldness of colour, amounting almost to nakedness. True, this may be relieved and harmonized by columns and other architectural resources, beauty of form being the law for the right decoration of space, from which alone true grandeur can be obtained, and upon which it rests as a basis. To this colour is an accessory, and properly managed is its feeling; but so rigid are its laws,

that a shade too little, or a tint too much, out of keeping, or in extreme, will destroy its charm.

The House Dinner Room here, is what it claims to be—a Gentleman's apartment. Its dimensions are 35 by 25 feet, and its decorations but slightly vary from those we have described. Within a recess at the east end there is a portrait, a copy by Bullock from the picture in Greenwich Hospital of Lord Rodney, whose actions are a proof of the correctness of the poet's creed—

*Nique imbellem fereces
Progenant aquile columbam,*

and of the honourable truth of the motto which the Rodney's have borne since their banner was displayed at Acre in the days of Richard the First. Over the fire-place is a portrait of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, a copy by Colvin Smith, of Edinburgh, from a portrait in the possession of the family. On the west side is Rodney's engagement of April 12, 1782, painted by E. Serres, in 1784, a conflict which Lord Rodney himself described as lasting nearly eleven hours, and by "persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during that time, the battle being the severest that was ever fought at sea, and the most glorious for England." This picture was presented to the Club by Rear Admiral Wellaston, in 1836, and the portrait, by George, third Lord Rodney. Between the windows is a colossal bust of the "THE DUKE," executed in Carrara marble by Pistrucci.

Ascending the staircase, you enter on the left the Library, the dimensions of which, and of the other apartments upon this floor, as corresponding very greatly with the rooms described, it is not here necessary to repeat. This room has a very imposing effect; it is lofty, and divided into three compartments by screens of green Sienna columns; their bases and corinthian capitals being of statuary marble. Their influence is, however, diminished, by an impression of littleness in proportion; they want elevation and grandeur, and the capitals appear to overlap the shafts. The ceilings of this and of the adjoining rooms are plain, a light cove arises from the cornice; and this and the entablature are painted in French white. The walls are of a very delicate green, the wood-work in imitation of maple. The curtains are of the richest crimson silk, and the room is lighted by a handsome or-moulu chandelier. The spaces between the columns are occupied by handsome mahogany bookcases; the table part of which is of green Sienna marble. Where this is not the case, the space is filled by full length portraits of the Sovereigns of England, many of which the Club owes to the liberality of Earl de Grey. As these form so peculiar a feature of this Club, we shall present our readers with a short account of them. Over the doorways of the Card Room, &c. are half-length portraits of King James II. and Charles II.; the rest around the room are full lengths, of James I., a copy by Walton,



in quiet hours, that

James P. Smith, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 1891

My dear Sir,

from a picture by Vansomer at Kensington; William III., and Queen Mary, original pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Prince George of Denmark, by Michael Dahl; Queen Anne, a copy from a picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the possession of Earl de Grey; George I., an original picture by the last-named artist; George II., by Enoch Zeeman; George III., a copy by W. Robinson, from a picture by Sir William Beechey, R. A.; George IV., a copy by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P. R. A., from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; William IV., by J. Simpson, painted in 1834, and one of Her present Most Gracious Majesty, by F. Grant. In addition to these, the Club during the course of the present year, has added the following:—An original portrait of H. R. H. Prince Albert, by J. Lucas; of the late Lord Hill, by H. W. Pickersgill; and of Lord Collingwood, a copy by Colvin Smith, of Edinburgh, from a picture in the possession of the Corporation of Newcastle. Of the painters of these portraits, Kneller and Michael Dahl deserve attention.

Sir Godfrey painted ten Sovereigns, and would have painted anything in any manner for lucre. The collection of portraits called the Kit-Cat Club, is that to which he owes his celebrity, but his rise and success may date from the period when he completed the likeness of Charles II. This monarch had promised his son, the Duke of Monmouth, his portrait by Lely, but the Duke preferring Kneller, Charles, unwilling to sit twice, proposed that both the artists should draw him at the same time. Lely did justice to his competitor, confessed his abilities, and the likeness advanced the painter. Prince George of Denmark was much the patron of Michael Dahl, by whom his portrait here placed was painted. He was the amicable rival of Sir Godfrey; his colouring was good, and he did not neglect the minor parts, as Kneller's success enabled him to do. Queen Christina, a woman whose madness has been mistaken for ability, and quick parts for a superior understanding, who talked indecently, and lived so; first brought him into notice. Walpole tells us that as he worked on her picture, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand. He replied, "a fan." Her Majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, delivered herself of a very gross one, and added,—"A fan! Give me a lion; that is fitter for the Queen of Sweden." It was a freak of Nature to make her a sovereign; it is the lunacy of both mind and feeling to approve her life.

Paul Vansomer and Enoch Zeeman were both artists of merit. The first was a native of Antwerp; his style was bold, his chiaro-scuro good. He arrived in England about 1606, and painted two portraits of James I., soon after his settlement here; the last of which the portrait in this collection is a copy, about 1615. Of Enoch Zeeman little is known; he was an artist in much repute, and died in 1774. His style has been censured as finical.

Adjoining the Library is a Map Room, a small but lofty apartment, well fitted up. Over the mantelpiece is a full-length portrait of Lord de Saumarez, by S. Lane, presented

by the family of the late Admiral. The decorations correspond with the Library. To this the Card Room succeeds, in our opinion, equal to any in this house; by the impression of elegance combined with comfort which it conveys. The dimensions may be cited as similar to the Morning Room; the ceiling rises from a light cornice, is slightly coved, and plainly decorated. The walls are of a light straw colour; in other respects it is finished as the rooms adjoining. By the mantle-piece are full-length portraits of General Lord Lynedoch, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A., and of Earl de Grey, painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A.; and at the west end there are two marble busts, one of his late Majesty, William IV., by Joseph, presented by Lords Frederick and Adolphus Fitz-Clarence; and one of Lord Nelson, by Flaxman, but which was in part finished by E. H. Bayly.

The North Writing Room faces Pall Mall. The walls are painted in straw color, and around it are mahogany book-cases, finished as those before-mentioned. A door, excellently fitted in, and forming part of the range of cases, opens from this into the adjoining room, and thus access can, if desirable, be obtained into every apartment upon this floor. Over the mantle-piece there is a half-length portrait of William III, the painter of which is unknown, but supposed to be Godfrey Schalken. Schalken was born at Dort, and was for some time a pupil of Gerard Dow. His chief practice was to paint Candle-lights; sometimes he did portraits, and adds Walpole, "*he once drew King William,*" but as the piece was to be by candle-light, he gave his Majesty the candle to hold, till the candle ran down his fingers. Delicacy was no part of his character. Having drawn a lady who was marked with the small pox, but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands. 'No,' replied Schalken, 'I always draw them from my house-maid.'

The Billiard Room is the last upon this floor. It is handsomely fitted up, and apparently well adapted for its purpose. There is here a curious portrait, three quarter size, of the late General Christophe, King of the Island of Hayti, by M. Lamothe Duthiers, a native Haytian artist.

We have now described the principal apartments of the house, and shall conclude our paper by a slight glance at the Kitchen. Minute details will be here unnecessary. In large establishments offices of this kind differ, but as one star from another—of course in glory; and having already expatiated upon the *bâtterie de cuisine* of the Reform, this department, although combining all the resources of the "*United Service*," will not require to be considered at much extent. The Kitchen, then, is excellently placed for rapid communication with the Coffee Room. It forms a square, and is the most lofty and best ventilated of any we have seen. On the right are arranged the hroiling stoves, upon the latest and most improved construction; whilst on the left steam warms, boils, stews, and is, as usual, the universal agent, multiplying means and economizing labour. In

lieu of the hot closets, so well fitted up at the Reform, the Chef of the United Service has tables, the centres of which are lined with plates, and heated by steam; thus a perfectly clear space is obtained, and he can always review every division of the field of action. Perhaps, however, to the "Curious in Kitchens,"—for of these there is a class, as of the "Curious in Fish-Sauce;" the "Curious in Virtu;" more especially to our fair readers,—no part of this department may prove so interesting as the description of a new roasting jack, the very original invention of the Secretary, Mr. T. H. Willis. A light kind of rack is suspended before the fire-place, and round a disc upon this a clock wheel revolves, worked by vertical spindles, which may be set at any distance from the fire, and stopped at any moment. The number of these is not limited, or only so by the extent of the fire-place. The joints are thus bung vertically, instead of horizontally, and the advantages of this process all good housekeepers will acknowledge. The "gravy which follows the knife" is the "only follower allowed" by this system, and is most effectually retained; almost 50 per cent. being saved, and one attendant doing the work of two, by the ordinary process.

In reviewing the general architectural effect of this building, we must carefully keep in mind the objects its designers have had in view. Nothing is so common, whether we estimate the acts of our contemporaries, review the past, or judge the productions of the day, as to test them, not so much by any acknowledged standard, any established rule, as by some peculiar bias, some positive idea of excellence, or by rules applicable enough to individual cases, but utterly fallacious when applied to purposes, where the interests of many are concerned. The greatest happiness, upon the fairest terms, for the greatest number, must be always a most important principle in the legislation of a Club. Now it is obvious that a building constructed for such Societies should be so, with regard only to general comfort. It may be more or less elegant, but it must be convenient. You may build a palace, but you must have a dressing-room. The apartments must be spacious and varied; adapted to different pursuits, and various humours. Now, for all, or for any of the purposes for which gentlemen meet, this house appears to us admirably adapted. The apartments are spacious and accessible; there is continuity in their arrangement without confusion; you are neither lost in space, nor cramped in a cupboard. We cannot say it evinces the classic taste of the Athenæum; it has not the rich decoration of the Reform; but it possesses a fine simplicity, and if it want architectural feeling, it is not degraded by meretricious ornament.

No one feature, however, is more quickly perceived, more continually impressed, than the excellent system of its administration. The military code brings with it duties, and implies responsibilities, but it secures order and regularity, and is not less the cause of general advantage than of individual ease. The Club bears upon entrance, and retains throughout, the appearance of a well-ordered private house, and has in no

manner the indigestion of a public establishment ; which, in houses of this kind, it is good taste and better judgment to avoid. No corner in this vast metropolis is to us so much a subject of respect ; for where in any country can the eye rest on men who have more nobly deserved of their country,—where can you enrol names of a purer lineage, more constantly allied with honour ? There is not a veteran, whose valour has raised, protected, and advanced to victory

“The Flag
That braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,”

that has not mingled in the society of his companions here ; and if we were capable of doubting the influence or the advantage of such Institutions, we should become instant converts to their beneficial results, when we remember, that if opinions make men, no opinions can be better calculated to maintain the high-bred qualities of the English gentleman, than those which are nurtured, cultivated, and extended, not so much as points of argued deduction, but as admitted truths, within these walls.

In conclusion, we have to express our thanks for the permission given, and the facilities afforded, to enable us to present our readers another sketch from the History of the Clubs of London ; most willingly we would have devoted more ability to the task, but we could not have discharged it with greater interest or pleasure. We could indeed have wished to have interwoven with this account of the United Service, some anecdotes of those who frequent it :—they could not but have been of historical, and, indeed, of personal interest to all, but we have refrained upon reflection,—that the rights of private society are not relinquished, because a man is a member of a Club, and to use the opportunities conceded by admission, to sketch the living with less than the respect due to the dead, is to be deficient in good feelings, and good opinions of right actions. We repudiate it, as the sly American—who lets not his right hand know what his left does, lest they should cheat each other—does his loan.



*Portrait of the late
Henry Jones, Esq. 1850*

1870

1870

1870



THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

WITH the single exception of the *Accademia de' Lincei* at Rome, founded there in 1603, the Royal Society of London dates its formation earlier than any other Body of learned men in Europe, instituted for the purpose of advancing the interests of philosophy and science. As a Body, any society of the kind can effect perhaps comparatively little, otherwise than as it may serve to confer importance on the particular studies it is intended to promote, and to encourage and elicit individual talent. It has been frequently observed, that Academies and similar corporate bodies have never produced men of eminent genius, although they may occasionally reckon some of distinguished talent among their members, owing to such having been admitted into them when their names would rather confer than receive additional lustre. Nor is it surprising that this should be the case in regard to literary men and artists, for in their studies all depends upon individual intellect and mind, and on that peculiar temperament which goes to constitute genius. Not only is every great poet and every great artist autodidact, as such, but he is incapable of communicating to others his own intensity of feeling, his own creative power, his own imagination—in a word, his own idiosyncrasy. In matters of science, however, the case stands very differently; there, while imagination is hardly to be desired, there being danger of its going astray, the mere patient accumulation of facts into one common stock, is eminently serviceable, and that is to be best effected by co-operation.

Like the French Academy, our Royal Society originated in the private meetings of a few studious men, which were held just two hundred years ago, or about ten years after the Academy just mentioned had been formally instituted (1635) by Cardinal Richelieu. "It was at the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins, at Wadham College," says D'Israeli, "that a small philosophical club met together, which proved to be, as Aubrey expresses it, the *incunabula* of the Royal Society." Their first meetings, however, seem to have taken place somewhat earlier, and not at Oxford but London; for according to another particular account of them given in a letter from Dr. Wallis to Dr. Thomas Smith, and preserved among the latter's MSS., in the Bodleian Library, we learn,—to give Wallis' own words: "About the year 1645, while I lived in London (at a time when, by our Civil Wars, academical studies were much interrupted in both our Universities), beside the conversation of divers eminent divines, as to matters theological, I had the opportunity of being acquainted with divers worthy persons, inquisitive in natural philosophy, and other parts of human learning, and particularly of what has been called the New Philosophy or

Experimental Philosophy.—We did by agreement, divars of us meet weekly in London, on a certain day, to treat and discourse of such affairs. Of which number were Dr. John Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester), Dr. Jonathan Goddard, and"—(omitting some other names)—"Mr. Theodore Haak, a German of the Palatinats, and then resident in London, who I think gave the first occasion, and first suggested those meetings.—They were held sometimes at Dr. Goddard's lodgings in Wood Street."

Thus they continued to assemble, till about 1648-9, when Drs. Wallis, Goddard, and Wilkins all removed to Oxford, therefore could attend the meetings of their colleagues in the metropolis only occasionally. The Oxford 'set,'—or offset,—began therefore to establish similar meetings of their own, which were for awhile held at the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins, warden of Wadham College, and on his quitting Oxford for the other university, at those of the Honorable, and also honoured and celebrated Robert Boyle. Among these Wadhamites, or "the Club" as it was then styled, was one great "mathematical wit," whose name is more familiar to most readers than those which have been mentioned:—This was "Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely," who delivered weekly lectures on astronomy.

Towards the end of the Commonwealth, philosophy and its followers suffered scurvy treatment from the Parliamentarian troopers. Gresham College was made use of as quarters for soldiers, who left it in such an unseemly state that it required to be purified before it could be restored. The return of Charles Stuart to the throne put an end to these disorders; and it was in the memorable year of the Restoration, on November 28th, that having delivered a lecture at Gresham College, Wren retired with Lord Brouncker, Boyle, Wilkins, Goddard, and other leading members, to the professor's apartment, where they discussed the plan of a college or society for the advancement of physico-mathematical learning, as a fair opportunity now presented itself for remodelling their association, and establishing it on a superior footing. Much as it seems at variance with his general disposition and habits, Charles had some taste himself for scientific pursuits, and possessed some skill in geometry. He accordingly not only assented to, but warmly approved of the project; and Wren was instructed to draw up the preamble or "Whereas," for the occasion; which he interlarded with remarks very edifying in themselves, but not particularly characteristic of the 'Merry Monarch's' sentiments.

One of its members, the learned and philosophical Evelyn, suggested 'Royal' as the most appropriate designation for the Society, and flattered by the compliment, royalty not only promptly conferred its charter, but accompanied it with the present of a mace of silver gilt, to be borne before the president on meeting days. Thus formally established, the Society began to thrive apace; a correspondence was opened between it and learned bodies or individuals abroad, and it published the first number of its "Philosophical Transactions" in March 1665. But the Plague for awhile suspended their meetings, and the

Great Fire expelled them from Gresham College, the civic authorities being compelled to take possession of their apartments; on which the Hon. Henry Howard (afterwards Duke of Norfolk) offered them an asylum at Arundel House, in the Strand; nor did his liberality stop there, for he also bestowed on them the valuable library formed by his grandfather, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, the greatest 'virtuoso' of his time, and patron of art in England. The collection had originally belonged to royalty in the person of Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, and consisted of upwards of three thousand printed volumes, in various languages, and for the most part, of very early date, after the invention of printing; and also comprised five hundred and fifty four manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, Turkish, and Latin. This library, we may here observe, has since been very greatly increased both by purchases and donations, among which last deserves to be recorded that made in 1715 by Francis Aster, Esq., to the amount of three thousand six hundred volumes, chiefly on subjects of natural and experimental philosophy. The munificence of the first donor has not, however, obtained for him much respect from D'Israeli, who calls him "the degenerate heir to the literature and the name of Howard," reproaching him with alienating from the family the noble treasures amassed by his ancestor, because he himself had no taste for them. "He seemed perfectly relieved," adds that lively writer, "when Evelyn sent his marbles (the celebrated Arundelian marbles) which were perishing in his gardens, to Oxford, and his books, which were diminishing daily, to the Royal Society."

In 1674, the Society again removed, at the invitation of the Gresham Professors to the West Gallery of the Royal Exchange, in which quarters they continued till 1711, when they quitted them for that *cul-de-sac* in Fleet Street, hight Crane Court, taking possession of the house at the extremity of it,—perhaps as being the very *ne-plus-ultra* of the place. In this modest retreat, with a most philosophical contempt for dignity of appearances, did the Society continue, until their present apartments in Somerset House were assigned to them in 1782, by George III. In the meanwhile, they went on prosperously through good and evil; and were occasionally enriched by windfalls in the form of bequests; from Dr. Wilkins, the celebrated Bishop of Chester, they had obtained a legacy of £400, and afterwards—in fact, subsequently to their removal to Somerset House—one of £1000 in the stocks, from Benjamin Count Rumford, in 1796.

At the hands of satire and malicious wit, philosophers, however, have not fared very much better than antiquaries. Swift is strongly suspected of having intended to throw ridicule upon the Royal Society, and to aim a hit at the great Newton himself, in his account of the philosophers of Laputa, and their absurd and extravagant schemes for the advancement of science. Still who, even should he be an F. R. S., would wish to expunge the Voyage to Laputa, from Gulliver's Travels? It is only to mere pretence that ridicule is injurious.

* For more direct and impudent were the attacks of Peter Pindar on Sir Joseph Banks; for Peter was impudence personified, yet sometimes irresistible in drollery.

The annals of the Royal Society are graced by some of the most illustrious names in those of science,—names that are familiar not only to all Europe, but to both hemispheres and every region of the civilized world. Those of Newton and Davy alone sufficiently attest this. Of these truly eminent men—singularly contrasting with each other in their personal habits,—the first held the office of President, from 1703 to 1727. On the retirement of Sir John Pringle in 1778 the chair was filled by Sir Joseph Banks, who occupied it until his death in 1820. To him succeeded Sir Humphry Davy, and on his death in 1820, Davis Gilbert, who resigned after two years, when the office of President was accepted by a prince royal, the late Duke of Sussex, who resigned it only a few years before his lamented decease. From that time it has been held by the Marquis of Northampton.

Admission into this Society is, very properly, guarded by cautious provisions: candidates must be recommended by an attestation as to their qualifications, signed by at least six Fellows, and this is hung up for the inspection of the members, for five successive meetings before the election, which is by ballot (two-thirds constituting a majority), takes place. The admission fee is ten pounds, and the yearly subscription four; but this last may be compounded for by the payment of sixty pounds at first. Members are entitled to introduce friends on the evenings of meeting, and to receive the Society's publications gratuitously. The meetings are held every Thursday evening, from November to the end of Trinity term.

The Royal Society's Room at Somerset House is not only in the same part of the building, and on the same floor, but immediately adjacent to that of the Society of Antiquaries, one ante-room serving in common for both. In addition to the information afforded by the View of this apartment, from which its general character will be sufficiently understood,—it may be mentioned, that the bust on the chimney-piece behind the President's chair, is that of Charles II., and above it and all round the room are portraits of distinguished members of the Society, and others, commencing from the reign of that sovereign. Among them is one by Lely, of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; and the following deserve also to be pointed out as those of leading interest; viz. Sir Henry Spelman, John Evelyn, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Martin Folkes (by Hogarth), Sir Humphrey Davy (by Sir T. Lawrence), Davies Gilbert, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

The Room above this is the Library, to which the members retire at the conclusion of their meetings to hold a sober *symposium* over 'bowls' (i. e. poetical) of that philosophic beverage—Tea, which 'echoes, but not inebriates.' A medallion of the German philosopher Euler, and an old picture of Sir Isaac Newton, over the fire-place, are the only ornaments of the kind in the apartment, excepting Chantry's bust of Mrs. Somerville,—beautiful as a work of art, and doubly so as a graceful and well-deserved compliment to Female Intellect in the study of the severer sciences.



*University of Toronto
Library*

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ANTIQUARY is one of those titles which are never formally assumed or professionally appropriated; for a man would as soon think of writing himself *Philosopher*, *Connoisseur*, *Virtuoso*, *Collector*, or even *Bibliomane*, as *Antiquary*. The application of such terms seems to point rather to the weak, and, perhaps, ludicrous side of the characters so designated,—to the outré hobbyhorse fancies which have thrown an air of ridicule over pursuits which deserve it only when pushed to extravagant excess. That of *Antiquary* is, it must be confessed, sufficiently exposed to the shafts of the pleasantry which is facetious upon ‘gormandizing aldermen,’ old maids, old bachelors, and all these unlucky delinquents whom the world considers itself privileged to make its laughing-stocks. Accordingly, the character of *Antiquary* has been drawn by comic writers, whether novelists or dramatists, in not the most flattering colours. ‘Sir Timothy Grimecrack,’ and ‘Jonathan Oldbucks,’ have come to be considered faithful portraits of the whole race, who are in consequence supposed to set a prodigious value on such precious curiosities as “sand gathered out of the Granicus, and a horse-shoe broken on the Flaminian way.” To many, the name of *Antiquary* suggests only the idea of a mere whimsical hunter after and hoarder-up of antiquated knick-knacks; or of a formal half-crazed pedant, as rusty as old parchments, and as rusty as old coins.—something, in short, the very antipodes of a companionable man, or of a man of the world,—a perfect antidileuvian himself in attire and manners. But now-a-days a man may be an *Antiquary*, and a man of fashion—an *Antiquary*, and a novelist—an *Antiquary*, and a dandy—an *Antiquary*, yet a boon-companion, a humourist, and a jester. Tell it not in Gath!—but was not the frolicsome, fun-loving, laughter-inspiring, witty, vivacious author of ‘Gilbert Gurney’ and Co.—was not Theodore Hook himself an *Antiquary*?—and a confirmed one—confirmed and formally dubbed so by the important letters F.S.A.? In what particular branch of the study of antiquity he had most distinguished himself, we pretend not to say, nor are so impertinent as to inquire; but we have heard of one who boasted of being an enthusiastic admirer, and excellent judge of antiquity, when it came in the shape of *old wine*. However, if antiquarian lore does not seem to have been at all in Theodore Hook’s way, an acquaintance with it is essential to many other writers of fiction; and it was his familiarity with it, that enabled Scott to impart an interest and vivid truthfulness to his narratives that greatly enhance their other merits. When rationally pursued, there is something very laudable and very captivating in the study of antiquities, which indeed it is hardly possible to dis sever from that of history, if by history we are to understand more than a succession of political events and changes. In fact, were it not for the cultivation of

Archæology—which carries with it a more comprehensive and more favourable meaning than the familiar term *Antiquarianism*—History itself would be comparatively dry, and obscure.

The annalists of former ages either pass over or else mention very cursorily, a number of circumstances, familiar to their contemporaries, but requiring to be explained to us; and for such illustration we are indebted to the unwearied zeal and industry of those who have devoted themselves to studies which are deemed by some as unprofitable though laborious, and frivolous though grave and plodding. Considered in detail, much of what has thus been collected may appear very trifling and insignificant, but then we are to look not to the individual items, but to their aggregate amount, and the vast stock of information which has thus been accumulated, the results of which are afterwards diffused through more popular channels of instruction. If, therefore, not immediately, indirectly at least the Society of Antiquaries has been essentially beneficial to literature and learning; and in regard to one art, has been most decidedly and unequivocally influential for immediate good. Hardly would the study of Gothic Architecture have been so assiduously cultivated, and the practice of it so well understood, as they are at the present day, had not that Society, and collaterally with it, many able antiquaries, directed their attention to the examination of our ancient edifices, and their various styles. It was they who pioneered the way, and cleared the track, which architects would never have cleared for themselves.

The study of its own antiquities naturally comes in among the latest of those which a people take up, for very much must have become obsolete and forgotten, ere there can be occasion for investigating it as neglected matter of history. It is therefore somewhat singular, that the Society of Antiquaries should be itself one of the most ancient literary associations in the Metropolis, it having been originally founded in the early part of Elizabeth's reign—about 1572—when several students of the Inns of Court, including many individuals distinguished by their rank as well as by their abilities, instituted a Society which they called the "Antiquaries' College," and which held its meetings weekly. The scheme itself seems to have originated entirely with that eminent prelate and scholar, Archbishop Parker, who was a munificent patron of letters and antiquarian studies. Another great patron of the Society was Sir Robert Cotton, whose name is immortalized by the "Cottonian Collection," now preserved in the British Museum, and consisting of invaluable literary treasures, in State Papers, and ancient manuscripts. It was at Sir Robert's own house that the meetings continued to be held for nearly twenty years; and whether there, or afterwards at some other place, it was the custom of the members to "sup together,"—a custom strongly recommended by its antiquity, for, as an amusing antiquarian writer has observed, from the days of Athenæus to those of Dr. Johnson, the pleasures of the table have given an additional zest to those of literary conversation and sociality; and those who cannot open their mouths to utter brilliant things, can at least open them in order to swallow good things.

Having nearly passed through its 'teens, the Society became ambitious of assuming a

more public character, and accordingly drew up a petition to the Queen for a charter of incorporation, under the title of the 'Academy for the study of Antiquity and History,' and proposed to erect a library to be called 'The Library of Queen Elizabeth.' The petition itself is still extant among the Cottonian MSS., yet whether it was actually presented, is doubtful; at any rate the object of it was not effected, although her Majesty appears to have been well disposed towards the Society, which, under the auspices of Archbishops Parker and Whitgift, had greatly increased the number of its members, and could reckon among them names still lustrous in antiquarian fame;—those, for instance, of Lamborne, Stow, Camden, and Sir Henry Spelman, also Sir William Dethicke, at whose apartments in the Herald's College the Society used latterly to meet some time previous to its being broken up, which event took place in the year 1604. Strange to say, Elizabeth's successor, of all our sovereigns who most affected erudition himself, even to pedantry, had conceived a mistrust—or, as Spelman phrases it, had taken "a little dislike" of the Society.

Notwithstanding this decided hostility on the part of James, an attempt was made, in 1617, to re-establish the Society; another petition for a charter was framed, but was not at all more successful than the first one; therefore, though antiquarian studies continued to be prosecuted with diligence and vigour, even during the disastrous period of the following reign, it was only by scholars in their individual capacity, and not as a united and formally recognised Body. It was not until just ninety years afterwards, viz. 1707, that the Society revived,—or rather a fresh one began to spring up. In its origin it was no more than a private club, consisting of a few ingenious individuals, who used to meet every Friday evening, at the Bear Tavern in the Strand. Bagford, the projector of a *History of Printing*, Wanley, the learned librarian of the Earl of Oxford, and who had a great share in the collection of the Harleian MSS., and Mr. John Talman, an able architectural draftsman, were the chief, if not the sole members. They were, however, quickly reinforced by the accession of many others, including Holmes, keeper of the Tower Records, Maddox, the learned Exchequer Antiquary, and Elstob, the great Saxon scholar. Thereupon, they removed to the *Young Devil Tavern*, in Fleet Street, where they were joined by Stukely, Browne, Willis, and Vertue, the engraver, all valuable and industrious members. In 1717, they formally re-constituted their Society (the number of members being limited to one hundred) and for the first time elected officers. One leading object with them was to publish engravings of the more remarkable of our national antiquities; and thus commenced the "*Vetusta Monumenta*." In 1727, the Society removed from the Fleet Street tavern, to apartments in Gray's Inn, and shortly after to the Temple; but at this period the death of the Earl of Winchelsea, and the withdrawal or absence of several of the most active members, caused it for a time to decline, and an attempt was made to incorporate it with the Royal Society. Quitting the Temple, the Society began in 1728 to hold their meetings at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, where they found a resting-place until 1753, when they finally abandoned taverns altogether, and took a house of their own in Chancery-lane,

where they published the first volume of their transactions, or the "*Archæologia*," in 1770. Hence they removed to their present apartments in Somerset House, which had been granted them by George III., and in which they held their first meeting Jan. 11th, 1781.

For many years previous to their taking up their last-mentioned *habitat*, the Society had been incorporated by Royal charter, for which they again had petitioned in 1750, through their own President, Sir Martin Folkes, and the Earl of Hardwicke, the then Lord Chancellor; and not only was their suit granted, but the King was pleased to declare himself "Founder and Patron." The style of incorporation was by the title of "President, Council, and Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries of London"; and they were empowered to have a body of statutes, and a common seal; also to hold in perpetuity lands, &c. to the yearly value of £1000. The Council, which is elected annually, consists of twenty-one persons, including the President. The members are chosen by ballot; a certificate of the requisite qualifications,—viz. a knowledge of English history and antiquities, and a love of the study,—previously signed by at least three Fellows, being hung up for the general inspection of the members, on six successive evenings. This form of scrutiny as to qualifications is, however, dispensed with, if the candidate happens to be a peer of the realm, a privy-counsellor, or a judge: in such case, he may be proposed by a single member, and ballotted for on the same evening. A majority of two-thirds carries an election, on which the newly-admitted F. S. A. pays a fee of eight guineas, and an annual subscription of four more; or he may compound for the latter by paying down at once forty guineas in addition to the admission fee. Each member is entitled to a copy of the Society's publications on paying a fee of half-a-crown to the sub-librarian; and besides the use of the library and collection of prints and drawings, has the privilege of introducing a friend at the evening meetings.

Their principal room, which is in the front building of Somerset Place, towards the Strand, is shown in the view, therefore requires no description, except as to some particular objects: among them are a bust of George III. on the mantel-piece behind the President's chair; another of Mr. Carlyle; portraits of Dean Milles and other early members of the Society; those of Humphrey Wanley, Dr. Stukeley, and Dr. Wilkins; several ancient portraits formerly belonging to the Paston family, and bequeathed to the Society by Mr. Kerrich; and a picture of the 15th century, representing the martyrdom of St. Erasmus; and one of the Fire of London. Over the other chimney-piece facing the President's chair, are ancient portraits of Henry V., Edward IV., Henry VII. and VIII., and Queen Mary. Not the least interesting article of all—at least to the curious in autographs—in the volume in which the members' names are registered. Among royal signatures, the latest is that of his present Majesty of Prussia; among others occur those of our distinguished wits and poets, as well as archaeologists, historians, and architects.



Indians in the Hall



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE LIBRARY.

CRITICISM has been by no means sparing of its censures upon Buckingham Palace; for it has been by far more bountiful with its comments than liberal in its opinions; these last having been more free than favourable, more sincere than complimentary. And it must be confessed, that as a building the public have some reason to be dissatisfied with it. It is not of a character to flatter our national vanity; it does not even rank as one of the stars of our metropolitan architecture; never is it quoted for admiration, or even simple approbation, either as regards its general design and effect, or those of any particular features. Still it has some parts which, if they were differently applied, would be allowed to be, if not positively beautiful, sufficiently handsome. Take, for instance, one of the lateral elevations of the wings, place it in a street or square, as the façade of either a private mansion, or some public building, and, in such character, it might pass for a superior thing of its kind; as more than ordinarily imposing, at least, in its ensemble, although not altogether calculated to endure a very critical scrutiny.

Why then, it may be asked, should we not allow the same kind and degree of merit to the building as it now is, especially as there is very much more besides, which ought greatly to enhance rather than at all detract from effect? The answer must be looked for, not in one but a number of '*Because*.' One of them is because merit is relative; because the degree of admiration we feel depends more or less upon circumstances; because what in one case would be considered grand and dignified, in another may appear the reverse; because we are apt to judge of things accordingly as they surpass or fall short of reasonable expectation. Nor is it the least important *because* of all on this occasion, that as a work of architecture this Palace does not fulfil the promise made by the opportunity itself: no wonder, therefore, if the public have expressed some discontent, at finding that such highly favourable opportunity was not so well turned to account as it might have been, and that the difference between Buckingham Palace and the former Buckingham House, is by no means what it ought to have been.

Either George IV. consulted his own particular taste, or confided in that of his architect, more than was altogether discreet; for if royalty has its immunities, it has also penalties attached to it. A private individual is responsible to no one for his taste; his caprices are no affair of the public. But, whether reasonably or unreasonably, the public *will* make royal palaces an affair of their own, and *will* talk as if their notions of what is

right and proper in such matters ought to be deferred to. Certainly, William IV. did not testify any very great admiration of the new Palace erected by his royal brother and predecessor, for he never took possession of it; nor was it till after the accession of our present sovereign, that it became the actual abode of royalty.

Her Majesty is said to be even attached to Buckingham Palace as a residence, and, notwithstanding our previous remarks, this is no disparagement to her taste; for, though royalty may be more magnificently lodged, seldom has it been so well lodged, or in a manner which so completely corresponds with English ideas of comfort. While St. James's is kept up for occasions of mere state and parade, for public levees and drawing-rooms, Buckingham Palace is appropriated almost exclusively as the private and the domestic habitation of royalty, one where it is able to dwell *en famille*, and feel that it has not only a house but a *home* also. Considered in this point of view, Buckingham Palace has far more to recommend it, than have any of the most pompous palaces in Europe. Therefore, whatever reason the country may have for expressing disapprobation, Her Majesty has cause to be well satisfied with the architect's arrangements in the interior, if not completely so with the taste displayed in some parts; and has none for regretting that, of Inigo Jones's ideas for a palace at Whitehall, only the mere fragment which we now see was executed. That edifice would, no doubt, have been a far statelier object to look at, much more monumental in character, but a less agreeable one to live in; less adapted to the refinements of modern, less accommodated to the actual exigencies of every-day life.

If it must be admitted that Nash failed egregiously in regard to external dignity—in fact, seems to have aimed at nothing more than mere prettiness at the best—it must also be admitted, on the *per contra* side of the account, that the interior is passably habitable, notwithstanding Von Ranmer's declaration that "he would not care to have a free residence in it," and Mrs. Jameson's amiable apprehensions lest its royal inmates should be "smothered in the low rooms." The experience now of some years has proved that there is very little to be feared from either suffocation or malaria, although, as regards the latter, the most serious consequences were at one time predicted; yet why, if malaria there be in St. James's Park, it should single out Buckingham Palace as the object of its virulence, leaving both the other Palace and Marlborough House unvisited by its baleful influence, is what the wisacres who raised that doleful cry never attempted to explain.

The Park certainly has no longer that *beau-monde* "air" which distinguished it in the last century, when its Mall was the daily resort and rendezvous of promenaders of quality, and was the *Change* of fashion,—though fashion is so changeable in itself as to seem to require nothing of the kind. In confirmation of this last no less original than very sagacious remark, we find that fashion has deserted the Mall, withdrawn its favour from St. James's Park altogether, and, in fact, given up its former peripatetic—or, as Mrs. Malaprop says, very pathetic system of marching its followers backwards and forwards in troops and squads,

and that not only in the Mall, but at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Of these once fashionable resorts, all three may now fairly be said to be extinct, for even the Mall is no longer what it used to be, except in name, and even that has now an antiquated sound. Compared with what it was in the hey-day of its pride, and pomp, and fashionable renown, the place itself has a most deserted, forlorn, and melancholy look. Fortunately, therefore, is it for the present generation, that they cannot make the dispiriting comparison. If, too, we can no longer meet with fashion in the *pasquam-perfectum* shape within St. James's Park, we have there now in lieu of it—Nature; Nature, not in her coarse rustic attire, but in fair Arcadian trim, with both water and verdure, with umbrageous alleys, and smiling boquets. What was once a dull canal, latterly crossed by a Chinese bridge, the solitary monument of departed fities and pagodas, now shines a silver lake, studded with "emerald isles," more tranquil than that of Ireland—truly fortunate islands, inhabited only by bipeds of the feathered race. Yes; we here find not only "real water," but real water-fowl also; and by way of finishing climax to the whole—*real sheep!*

Lest we should be thought to have taken up George Rohin's pen by mistake, instead of our own, we will now moderate our descriptive transports, and descend a little nearer to the level of sober prose. All "blarney," therefore, apart, we do not hesitate to say that the interior of St. James's Park, as now laid out, is a most admirable improvement; and is more creditable to Nash's taste than any of his architectural exploits.

When seen from the front of the Palace, this Park—at least this inner portion of it—is truly beautiful—a sylvan territory, so embowered or fenced in from all without and beyond it, that the imagination may, and with no very great effort, delude itself into the idea of its being of *ad libitum* extent. In regard to the Park, Buckingham Palace is in a very far better position than that of St. James's; and it possesses, moreover, the advantage of commanding a similar prospect on the West side; less extensive, indeed, but equally, or even still more, sylvan in character. Although rather confined in one direction, namely, to the South, where the Palace abuts upon the public road, the private gardens or enclosed grounds occupy a considerable space, and are so laid out that its boundaries are concealed by artificial slopes and mounds, as well as by the thick foliage of trees. Thus, while as perfect seclusion as possible has been secured, it is one of most delightful and cheerful character. Instead of being imprisoned and pent up within courts, or having nothing more than a dull "town garden" attached to it, the Palace seems to stand embowered within a fairy domain of its own. Such, at least, is the idea suggested by the prospect from within on this side of the building, where are placed all the principal rooms, both on the ground-floor and that over it.

On the lower floor is a suite of morning rooms, four of which are fitted up as libraries; the largest of these, that which forms the centre of the West front, and which opens upon a broad terrace, extending the entire length of the latter, forms the subject of the accom-

panying view. Its dimensions are 34 feet by 64, exclusive of the spacious semicircular bay, which adds twenty feet more to its breadth; or, if we choose to consider that the length of the room, and its width to be defined by the columns, regarding the portion cut off by them as recesses added to it, it may be said to be 54 feet in length by 39 in breadth, independently of the additional spaces behind the columns, which nearly double that breadth. Thus there is a sort of variety, not to say intricacy of plan, that contributes more to effect than mere size would do; and this peculiarity of character is still further enhanced, by there being no other windows than those within the bay; consequently, the light is more concentrated, and a far stronger degree of picturesque *relief* is obtained than there would be, were the ends of the room behind the columns similarly lighted. Few persons, however,—few even among architects themselves—appreciate or even seem to understand the value of light; that is, the *pictorial* value of it. Of light, indeed, they appear to think there never can be too much, nor of windows too many in a room; but when you talk to them of *effects* of light, it quite puzzles them.

Certainly, Von Raumer, in his determination to find fault with every part and every thing within Buckingham Palace, showed that he had no eye at all, either for pictorial effects, or of scenic effects and happy contrasts arising out of arrangement and plan; else he would have expressed himself very differently from what he has done, where he says: "Even the great hall does not answer its object, because the principal staircase is on one side, and an immense space, which has scarcely any light, seems to extend before you at the entrance, to no purpose whatever"! Most certainly the grand staircase does not *stare* you full in the face on first entering, but then it shows itself to all the greater advantage by not coming into view the very instant the hall is entered; and as to its position, it may be with equal, if not greater propriety, said to be at one *end* of the hall than on one *side* of it. The subdued light within the hall itself gives additional brilliancy to the staircase, over which the light sheds itself from above, while the effect of both that and the entrance hall are greatly enhanced by the mysterious *demijour* of the back-ground, seen between the openings of the piers and columns facing the entrance. At first sight this space does not show itself to be so "immense" as Von Raumer—without any intention of flattery—describes it: we are, therefore, taken by agreeable surprise when on advancing into it, it is discovered to be still larger than the hall and staircase together, although its magnitude is of a different kind, it being that of length (the extreme extent is 180 feet); therefore, this inner hall, or gallery, admirably contrasts with the parts previously seen, without thereby diminishing them. But its "no purpose"?—if its affording a noble approach to all the principal ground-floor rooms be none, we must admit that architectural effect must be its chief apology. The lengthening vista seen on either hand, on advancing from the entrance hall, is not a little striking; and if, unless when lit up of an evening, the vista itself looks rather sombre, all the more cheerful, by such contrast, look the rooms to which it gives access.



Constance Tabor the Yellow I saw her

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE YELLOW DRAWING ROOM.

WITHOUT attempting to substitute unqualified eulogium for unqualified censure, we have, in the immediately preceding article, endeavoured to vindicate both the architect and the building, by calling attention to several meritorious points in the arrangement of the latter; nor, in so doing, have we repeated, or been guided by, the opinions of others; because, strange to say, those points seem to have been hitherto overlooked alike by those who have praised and by those who have condemned. While, if even they perceived them, the latter have not had the candour to acknowledge them, the others have failed to shew tact by bringing them forward as they might have done.

It should be borne in mind, that as far as its actual purpose is concerned, Buckingham Palace was chiefly intended to supply the place of its predecessor, the original Buckingham House, on an enlarged scale, and with greatly improved accommodation; that it was not meant for what may be called a *State Palace*, but rather as the family town mansion of royalty; and that, accordingly, convenience and habitableness were to be consulted in preference to that regal pomp and display which would have interfered with the other character. Compared with those in several European capitals, this English palace is of inconsiderable extent; yet when it is examined, it will be found to be quite as ample, as a royal habitation—perhaps even more so, than some of the largest of them. In more than one very extensive pile of the kind, the sovereign is rather a lodger in, than the occupier of it; the greater portion being appropriated as lodgings for other persons, or given up to public rooms used only on very rare occasions, if ever used at all, otherwise than as mere thoroughfares in order to get from one part of the building to another. Jones's vast project for Whitehall would have been, with all its magnificence, merely an assemblage of so many distinct parts, all indeed admirably connected together as an architectural whole, but necessarily straggling in consequence of the numerous spacious courts within, whereby one range of rooms or of the building would have been quite separated and removed to a most inconvenient distance from another, without any sort of centralization. Thus the grandeur attending those spacious courts would have been paid for rather dearly by the inconvenience resulting from them: and although such disposition of plan would suit very well for a barrack or hospital, the very circumstances that would recommend it for such purpose, render it ineligible for one of so different a destination as a royal residence. The more spacious are inner courts, so much the worse the plan. Of this the Louvre at Paris is an instance, and both that and the Palace of the Tuilleries are about as badly arranged, and as ill-contrived for actual habitation, as they well could be.

To say the truth, it is a most difficult problem in architecture—one never yet solved in a completely satisfactory manner,—to combine with all that is demanded by parade and state, the *agrément* and the convenience required and looked for in a private residence, be its scale ever so pompous. If then, the architect of Buckingham Palace erred at all in paying greater regard to the latter than the former considerations, he has at least erred on the right side,—that is on the safer one. Neither was he unkind of effect, for by concentrating his plan, he has brought into one striking architectural focus all the principal features of the interior, thereby causing it to appear more spacious than it would have done, had they been scattered about, and interrupted by comparatively insignificant parts coming in between them.

Instead of throwing the state rooms on the principal floor into a mere suite or *enfilade* he has *grouped* them together, so as to give the idea of considerable depth or extent through the building, from the rooms in one front, to those in the other, at the same time keeping up an immediate communication between them all, so that when once entered, they present themselves in uninterrupted succession, and one can be reached from another without passing through all the intermediate rooms. The effect is further greatly enhanced by the variety and contrast in regard to the forms, proportions, and dimensions also of the separate rooms. In general, little other diversity of character is aimed at than that which arises from decoration and fitting up, from pictures and furniture; it being considered sufficient to provide a monotonous set of rooms nearly all alike as to size, and hardly distinguishable one from another by any architectural character, therefore what character they ultimately have must depend upon the decorator and upholsterer. Such is not the case in Buckingham Palace: here no two adjoining rooms of the principal apartments are repetitions of each other as to size and form, and all are as judiciously disposed with regard to due climax, as could well be done. Had the very same rooms been placed in a single line, there would even then have been greater variety than usual, and of course the length from end to end prodigiously increased, but the effect now produced would have been considerably diminished.

By way of rendering our descriptive remarks more intelligible, we will, before proceeding to speak of them, give a list of the seven rooms constituting the state apartments, with their respective dimensions, and arranged in the order in which they present themselves on entering from the Grand Staircase and Guard Room.

Green Drawing Room	46 feet by 36
Throne Room	65 36
Picture Gallery	160 28
Yellow Drawing Room	48 35
Saloon	32 62
Ball Room	68 36
State Dining Room	80 36*

* Exclusive of recess at end, which adds ten feet more to the length.

Of these apartments, some have been already represented or described in preceding sections of our Work: the first one, or Ante-room, called the Green Drawing-room, is spoken of in the account which accompanies the view of the Throne Room; but as it was not done then, it may now be pointed out, that this room is the one which opens upon the upper portion of the East or Park front, which serves as a terrace to it, and is sometimes enclosed with awnings as a temporary pavilion for a band of musicians, at evening fêtes.

A view of the Gallery is given at page 97, Vol. I, but taken so obliquely as to show pictures, on the side which is seen, to more advantage than the room itself. And at page 170, Vol. I, will be found a list of all the pictures, including those in the other state-rooms;—and among them are those two most interesting and deservedly celebrated ones by Zoffani, the 'Florentine Gallery,' and the 'Royal Academy,' which last is in itself a gallery of portraits, since it contains no fewer than thirty-six.

This Picture Gallery serves to combine together, and to approximate to each other all the other rooms, and likewise communicates at its north end with the private apartments situated in that extremity of the West or Garden Front, and the others in continuation of them, extending along the whole North side of the Palace. Taking the other state rooms in succession, from that end of the Gallery, and proceeding southwards, the first one is the Yellow Drawing Room, (which also communicates immediately with one of the ante-rooms of her Majesty's own private apartments). This is the room which forms the subject of the accompanying engraving; and it derives its name from the colour of its pilasters and draperies. There are only two pictures in this room, both of them portraits, viz. of Peter the Great, by Nether, and of Fénélon, by Vivien. But there is a series of twelve bas-reliefs by the late William Pitts, intended to allegorise the Origin and Progress of Pleasure, as expressed in the following subjects:—Love awakening the soul to pleasure,—the Soul in the bower of Fancy,—the Pleasure of Decoration,—Invention of Music,—the Dance,—the Masquerade,—the Drama,—the Contest for the Palm,—the Palm resigned,—the Struggle for their Laurel,—and the Laurel obtained. These compositions are genially conceived, and are worthy of their highly talented but also most ill-fated author,—of him who produced those two masterly achievements of the plastic art, the Shield of Hercules, and the Shield of Æneus, in which he showed himself the worthy emulator and rival of Flaxman.

The next room is the Saloon in the centre of the Garden front, and immediately over the Library which forms the subject of the preceding plate. Here the architectural decoration is particularly sumptuous, the shafts of the Corinthian columns and pilasters being of purple scagliols in imitation of lapis lazuli, and the entablature, cornice, and ceiling profusely enriched, and all the other decorations and furniture of corresponding magnificence. This room contributes also very greatly to give variety to the general plan, because it is placed transversely to the adjoining ones, that is, its length is in the same direction as their breadth

or width from back to front, the window side being a spacious semicircle (as in the Library on the ground floor,) and therefore becoming one end of the room, which is not exactly the case in regard to the Library, for there the greater length is from wall to wall behind the columns, whereas here the additional spaces or recesses are cut off, consequently, the room is just of the same width as the bay. At the end facing the windows, are folding doors, opening into the Picture Gallery, and on each side of them a chimney piece,—an arrangement that would be faulty because inconvenient, were the room a *sitting drawing room*, whereas it is merely one of *entrée* or the *state ante-room*. Here also are some pieces of decorative sculpture by Pitts, viz: three friezes, that on the East side, or end facing the windows, Eloquence, the one on the South side, Pleasure, and on the opposite one, Harmony.

The next, or South Drawing-room, or as it is now called, the Ball-room, is considerably more spacious than the North one, and is by its length well adapted for the purpose to which it is appropriated; it differs also from the other room somewhat in shape as well as in size, there being a slight break in the plan at the south end, forming a compartment which gives the additional length. Here the columns are of crimson or deep rose-colour scagliola, therefore, as may be easily imagined, the effect is sufficiently gay and magnificent, enhanced as it is by the splendour and costliness of everything else. This glittering pomp, however, tends to divert attention from what would otherwise attract it as exquisite pieces of art,—the three compositions in relief, by Pitts, representing the apotheoses of our three illustrious bards, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

The next and last of these parade rooms is the State Dining-room, situated immediately over the ground floor dining-room, and corresponding with it in its general dimensions, but considerably extended at its South end, by a spacious and deep side-board alcove, in which are private doors communicating with the serving-rooms &c.; therefore in regard to this arrangement and convenience nothing can be better, both convenience and state being equally consulted. This room is also marked by one novel peculiarity which is of very happy effect, viz:—over each of the three windows is a smaller one, not made however to show itself as a window, but as a circular ornamental transparent panel, the opening being elowed with a single plate of cut glass having the initials W. R. and a crown surrounded with a laurel.

Our description,—if that which leaves so very much not even mentioned, deserves the name of description—must here close; but we feel tolerably confident that, imperfect as it is, it will have reconciled most of our readers, by convincing them that if royalty has been lodged with more magnificence and with more embrious pomp, scarcely ever has it been better provided for in regard to all that conduces to refined comfort and the luxurious elegances of highly-polished yet domestic life.



THE TOWER.

HORSE ARMOURY.

WHAT its Capitol was to ancient Rome,—what its Kremlin is to Moscow, such is its Tower (emphatically so called) to London, its palace-citadel and strong hold, and the monument most closely connected with popular annals and the history of the state. Indeed, it is chiefly in this latter respect, and on account of the objects of curiosity for which it serves as a repository, that the Tower now possesses much interest, since so far from being an imposing object to the eye, it shews itself only as a buddled-up mass of buildings, some of them comparatively modern, and none of them particularly dignified in appearance. The sole feature which gives character to the exterior in a general view is the lofty upright structure distinguished by the name of the *White Tower*: were it not for that, which with the turret at its angles, forms a bold and conspicuous architectural object in the views from the river and the opposite shores, the “Tower” would hardly be distinguishable at any distance.

Fortunate is it, therefore, that that portion of the buildings escaped destruction on the night of October 30th, 1841, when it was in an almost equally perilous situation as was Westminster Hall on the night of October 16th, 1834. Buildings in closely packed cities are liable to frequent and total destruction; within less than four years after the burning of the Houses of Parliament, a similar fate befel the Royal Exchange; and in two years and a half afterwards, the Tower barely escaped annihilation. On that occasion, however, the fury of the flames was, most fortunately, arrested, and prevented from extending beyond the range of building called the Grand Storehouse, which contained on its upper floor the celebrated Small Arms Armoury, an apartment 345 feet in length, and 60 feet in width. This may be said to have been totally consumed, nothing being left but fragments of shattered and blackened walls. Even thus limited, the destruction as to value of property was immense, for the artillery and pieces of ordnance stored below made that place look like a temple of Mars; far more terrible than any one imagined or described by poets; while the spacious gallery just mentioned might very well have passed for the hall-room of Bellona, so ingeniously was it fitted up and decorated from floor

to crilling with muskets, pistols, halberds, and other implements of warfare, all disposed so as to form quaint, curious, and some of them really tasteful ornaments and devices. Even the columns seemed composed of pikes with wreaths of pistols twining round them. At the lowest calculation the stand of arms kept ready for immediate service amounted to 150,000. The whole of these and other arms were destroyed by the fire,—not, indeed, actually and altogether consumed, but so as to be rendered quite useless and valueless, bad not a value been invented for them as relics, as which they were permitted, by the Board of Ordnance, to be sold to the curious in such matters, and the more the articles were disfigured—rendered shapeless and unintelligible,—the more precious, no doubt, they were in the eyes of many purchasers.

The range of buildings we are now speaking of, and whose ruins alone now remain, occupied nearly the whole of the north side of the inner area or 'Parade,' a large open space—hardly can it be described as a 'court-yard,'—on the south side of which stands the original keep or 'White Tower,' therefore in saying that the latter was in imminent peril on the night of the fire, we are not to be understood quite literally, because hardly could the flames have extended to it, nor was there any danger of its being melted by the heat. Still, danger there was of its being shattered to pieces and even hurled into the air by an explosion, there being considerable stores of gunpowder deposited in that tower, so that a mere spark might have proved fatal to all the buildings and everything else. In this critical emergency there was no other alternative than to remove the barrels of powder, and fling them into the moat:—an undertaking of great and hazardous labour.

To begin methodically, we ought to have entered the Tower at the entrance on the west side, after passing through which you proceed through other fortified gateways of rude and venerable appearance, along an avenue bounded on the south side by the external walls and ramparts, and on the north by a very lofty mass of apparently solid wall, having only here and there an upper window conveying the idea of habitation, and thereby rendering the expression of prodigious strength and security all the more forcible. A somewhat similar effect is produced by the smaller and more modern erections scattered about below. And at intervals one obtains peeps into streets and lanes of houses, picturesque enough when taken collectively, but not very prepossessing in their physiognomy when considered separately. They are, besides, rather merely old-fashioned than ancient, their date, even of the oldest of them, being comparatively but of yesterday. For London, however, the whole place looks singularly primitive, antiquarian, and romantic. Having turned through the third gateway, and proceeded a short distance towards the Parade, you find yourself, on turning a corner, almost at the foot of the White Tower, and coming thus suddenly upon it, are the more impressed with its loftiness.

This structure,—the most ancient of all the existing buildings in the Tower, and generally supposed to have been erected, or at least begun by the Conqueror, about 1078,

when he employed Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, for his architect,—is a quadrangular and nearly square edifice, measuring about 116 feet on its north and south sides, and 96 on the east and west; and is about 90 feet high, exclusively of the turrets at the four angles. Consequently, its actual height is not extraordinary for a *tower*; while as such, its proportions are the reverse of lofty. It is, in fact, but of dwarfish stature, in comparison with what Mr. Barry's Victoria Tower, at the New Palace of Westminster, will be, should his idea for it be fully carried out; because, though not more than 70 feet square, that tower is intended to be 300 feet high,—the highest structure of the kind perhaps ever erected, carried up perpendicularly from the ground to its summit, without diminishing stages, or any spire.—To return to the White Tower—although it is of great and unquestionable antiquity, and of sufficiently warlike aspect, in its general appearance, there is also not a little in it that *accuses*, as the French say, alteration and improvement. After being repaired in the reign of Henry VIII., (1532,) it was again put into good condition in that of George II., and the windows modernized, by being converted into the present very un-Norman looking large arched sash-windows.

At the foot of the White Tower, on its south side, runs the long and low building—very considerably its junior—used as the Horse Armoury, and now one of the chief *lions* of the place; the living ones, which used to be foremost among the sights and wonders of the Tower, having been dismissed to the Zoological Gardens; which leads us to remark the great diminution of sights which has taken place here during the last half century. The Mint has been removed to a large 'classic' edifice outside the walls; the Norman Chapel in the upper part of the Keep or White Tower, once used for worship, or shown as a sacred place, is now devoted to the preservation of a portion of the public records; and the celebrated state prisons are mostly closed by military stores, or used for office purposes. But, it is consolatory to know, that if there be in these respects an abridgement of our historical pleasures, there is also a great reduction of charges, the amount of fees being now only one shilling for each person. After all, however, there is plenty to be seen—so much so, indeed, that to see it properly—not merely to glance at it cursorily as a collection, but to inspect, examine, and become acquainted with it in detail, would require repeated visits. This is apparent enough from our view of the Horse Armoury, since it shows—as far as any single view of the place can show—what a number of interesting curiosities this museum of military antiquities contains. It is to be regretted, therefore, that it cannot, or is not permitted to be made use of as a museum, but that visitors must be accompanied by a Warder, who conducts them along, explaining to them his show, in the approved showman style, instead of being left to go about as they please, looking at what they like and as long as they like, just as they do at the British Museum. Instead of being, as at present, showmen, let the Warders be merely the attendant spirits and guardians of the place; that would be quite sufficient for the prevention of

injury or mischief; the only other restriction that would be necessary, being, that no more than a limited number of persons should be allowed to be in the place at the same time, thereby preventing the slightest degree of crowd or any thing like it.

The Horse Armoury is a long, low, and not very wide room, with a sort of aisle on its south side, and with pillars and arches meant to pass for Gothic, but of the most *Pecksniff* Gothic physiognomy. The ceiling, moreover, is flat, consequently anything but Gothic in character: nevertheless it is ornamented characteristically enough, and withal, not a little ingeniously with devices and decorations, composed of spears, pistols, and other weapons, which now look harmless and innocent enough. We are not writing a 'guide-book' of the Tower, nor a *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of this Armoury:—we do not pretend here to *showmanize* for the edification of our readers. We have not space either to indulge in antiquarian raptures, or to moralize on the system of warfare and chivalry in 'the glorious old times,' upon which we are accustomed to dwell with so much national exultation and pride, seeing they have departed for ever. A tempest at sea, says the Roman poet, is a very fine sight, and an agreeable one enough, provided you can behold it from upon *terra firma*, when you are quite out of danger from it. The poet speaks truth, and on the same principle it is found to be a more pleasant occupation to contemplate this long array of warrior-kings,—of England's royal chivalry, here presented in their offgiges, fully armed and accoutred,—than it would have been to encounter any of them *proprio personâ* in the field. We still continue to make use of old armour, but it is after the same fashion that we do old china, merely as curiosities for idle display, or as studies for antiquaries, writers of historical romances, and painters. Whenever we enter this gallery of ancient military *virtù*, and look upon our Henries and our Edwards, decked out in all the pomp of warfare, ought we not to rejoice in the peaceful character of our times, as contrasted with an age of turbulence, blood-shed, and feudal vengeance?



1891



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THE TOWER.

THE JEWEL ROOM.

On the night of the Fire, the Crown-jewels were in still more imminent danger than the White Tower, the building in which they were kept, being almost close by that which was destroyed, at the east end of the 'Parade,' or on the east side of the inner area. Fortunately the keepers succeeded in bearing off these treasures to some place of security tolerably remote from the scene of peril and destruction; otherwise the 'Crown' would probably have become a figure of speech and a poetical metaphor—at least, until a new one could have been provided.

In the former Jewel-house, the regalia used to be kept in a strong vaulted chamber, with solid walls, and without windows, consequently could be seen only by lamp-light. The place, therefore, had altogether the air of being a royal treasury, and accordingly impressed the spectator more forcibly with the idea of the immense value of the precious stores contained in it. All this, however, has been altered since the fire,—we cannot say improved. The new Jewel-office certainly does not at all express its purpose, for externally it looks very much like a neat modern lodge in the Gothic style, designed for a park entrance; and as such is pretty enough; but here, within the Tower, it looks quite out of place, and considering what it contains, decidedly out of character.

The Jewel-room is on the ground-floor; and instead of having to approach through any bolted passages, or even outer rooms, you come upon it immediately at the entrance, and are admitted with little more ceremony than into a silversmith's shop. Even the room itself has a very *shoppish* or showroom-like appearance, and is apparently quite unprotected, it having windows on three of its sides, at no very great height from the floor, therefore ill-contrived for resisting any desperate assault from without, or resisting flames from bursting into it, in case of another fire. In fact, it looks as if it were merely a temporary place of exhibition for the Regalia, until a more suitable one can be provided; nor will we be positive that such is not the fact. Formerly, the Regalia were enclosed within an arch or recess in the wall: and immediately in front of it was placed the royal crown, the immense gold salt-cellar (a model of the White Tower) standing beneath

'glass shades,' and upon revolving stands,—blazing in gorgeousness, owing to the light of the lamps (themselves screened from the spectator) flashing full upon them, while the room itself was in comparative obscurity. The picture so presented to the eye was brilliant,—for there was gloom that rendered splendour more dazzlingly splendid; even was the *coup d'œil* in some respect poetic, for easily could the spectator then fancy himself in some Arabian-tale 'cavern,' containing a hoard of gold and jewels; whereas all enchantment of that kind is now dispelled. As at present managed, the exhibition of the Regalia is a rather prosy affair: the various articles composing it are arranged upon a pyramidal stand in the middle of the room, within an octagonal glass-case, which is itself enclosed within a square caging of rather slim metal-work painted over. The state-crown is placed on the summit of the stand, which is, no doubt, a very appropriate situation, as far as mere arrangement is concerned; but it is too remote for that close inspection which an article of such costly materials and workmanship requires; for so exhibited, gilt-metal, paste and mock diamonds would make just as good a show. To say the truth, the show made here, rather falls short of one's expectations. The display is by no means so imposing as might be anticipated from mere description. You feel wonder—at least surprise, but not of the most agreeable or flattering kind; for when you are told that the aggregate value amounts to not less than three millions sterling, you chiefly wonder that there should be so little to show for such an enormous sum, and are apt to fancy that the value assigned must be merely imaginary and conventional, like that of a bank-note which may represent either five pounds or five thousand. And such is no doubt the case to a considerable extent in regard to jewels, more especially those valued at enormous prices. A diamond estimated at half a million, is not of such real worth to its owner as would be a great number of smaller ones to half that amount; it availing nothing to its possessor to have for sale what no one can purchase. Some pretty pickings might no doubt be got out of the lesser jewels of the crown, and other ornaments, but the larger jewels—those 'of inestimable value,' would be of no value at all to any one who steals them. To say the truth, there is very little temptation here,—nothing to excite the slightest feeling of envy, nor even much other astonishment than that of disappointment.

In speaking of the Regalia, it may be as well to correct the amusing blunder of a certain not overlearned etymologist who derives the term from the verb 'regale,' as if these ensigns and emblems of royalty were so called, because intended to regale the eyes of the lieges!—however, this is by no means the strangest blunder for which poor etymology, or those who dabble in it, have to answer.—Of the actual Regalia, one or two articles have been represented among the illustrations to the 'Essay on Costume,' in our first volume, viz. St. Edward's Staff, the Queen's golden Sceptre, &c.; also some specimens of the ancient crowns worn by our Saxon monarchs, and of very primitive fashion. In the Jewel-room, there are five crowns, one of them called St. Edward's Crown, being made in imitation of

that supposed to have been worn by the Monk-king. The others consist of the Crown of State, the Queen's rich crown, the Queen's crown, and the Queen's circlet of gold. Then there are the Orb,—the Ampulla, or Eagle of gold, for containing the anointing oil used at the ceremony of the Coronation; the Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, borne before the sovereign in the coronation procession, and the two swords of Justice—one Temporal, the other Spiritual; sceptres, gold spurs and bracelets, the gold Christening Font for Royalty, Communion-plate, the golden 'White Tower' Salt-cellar, and various *et-cetera*.

These gorgeous treasures would probably be shown to greater advantage were they less formally set out, and disposed with some regard to artistical effect. At any rate, we conceive they might—a selection of the principal ones at least—be made the subject of a well-grouped composition of "still life,"—one which, if painted with the mastery of hand, and truthfulness of imitation requisite for adequately representing such a mass of splendour, would form no inappropriate ornament for a royal council-chamber, or for the picture-gallery at Buckingham Palace. As far as pencil could do so, the pencil of a Macfie might accomplish such pictorial feat, and would certainly bring out all the poetry which such subject is susceptible of.

One of the strangest circumstances in the history of the Regalia is the mad attempt of the desperado Colonel Blood, to steal the crown, in the reign of Charles II.; rendered as it was still stranger by its proving for him a *bloodless* affair. This daring adventurer, who in earlier times would have been beheaded *sans cérémonie* in the tower, as soon as he was caught in the fact, and in our own, would have been lodged for life in Bedlam as only insane,—was a native of Ireland, where he served as Lieutenant in the Parliamentary forces, and received from Henry Cromwell a grant of land instead of pay. At the Restoration, the Act of Settlement in Ireland affected his fortune; and as he was not at all checked by any troublesome scruples or principles, he entered into various *heroic* schemes. One of them was to surprise Dublin Castle, and seize upon the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond. This plot failing, he next engaged with the Covenanters in the rebellion in Scotland, in 1666. Instigated by the thirst of personal revenge, he actually seized upon the Duke of Ormond on the night of Dec. 6th, 1676, with the diabolical intention of assassinating him, had not he and his accomplices been prevented by the Duke's attendant. Blood escaped and remained unsuspected, notwithstanding that a thousand pounds were offered for the discovery of the ruffians. In-surrection, rebellion, and assassination, having but ill-favoured the 'gallant' colonel's fortunes, he bethought himself of robbery, and of giving vent to his heroic impulses that way; but the robbery was to be one of an original character. For this purpose, he contrived to form an acquaintance with Edwards, the keeper of the Regalia, and when matters were sufficiently far advanced for the execution of their scheme, Blood and his associates repaired to the Tower, the latter in the character of an acquaintance of his, who were desirous of seeing the Regalia. Admitted into the Jewel-room,

they seized upon the poor old keeper, gagged, and afterwards stabbed him, till he fell senseless. Blood then slipped the crown under his cloak, and some of the others had seized on the orb and one of the sceptres, when an alarm was given, and they hurried off with their booty, passed sentinels who scarcely offered to stop them, and mounting their horses at St. Catherine's Gate, were riding off with their spoils, but were luckily overtaken, the crown was recovered, and Blood made prisoner.

All this is comparatively mere ordinary romance,—the daring exploit of reckless ruffians; the most astonishing, incomprehensible, nay incredible part of the story, remains to be told. Instead of meeting with condign punishment for that and his other offences, the traitor was not only pardoned, but actually rewarded by being taken into royal favour, while poor old Edwards, who had nearly fallen a victim to the brutality of the miscreants, received the paltry sum of three hundred pounds for himself and his son!—or rather he was to have received it, for the money remained so very long unpaid, that the orders for it were previously disposed of at half their value. We may ransack history in vain for such another example of royal *justice* and *gratitude*. Verily the sword of Temporal Justice, must have been sadly rusted on that occasion. Our dislike for the criminal is swallowed up in our contempt for the judge, who, often unprincipled, seems in this instance to have abandoned himself in an unaccountable manner to the dictates of a profligate court and the impulses of a heart callous to public opinion, and dead to every right feeling. Let us hope "the Crown" may never again be worn by such another "Merry Monarch."



THE POST-OFFICE.

CELEBRITY of communication is one of the characteristics of the age, and the present state of society ; and within a comparatively brief space of time, it has now attained to a degree of perfection truly marvellous. We have, however, been so long habituated to the facility of intercourse afforded in our own times, both by the regular conveyance of letters through the Post, and by public vehicles for travelling, that we are apt to regard it as a matter of course, and are only struck by the very greatly increased and still increasing degree of it which has taken place since the establishment of railroads ; whereas, if we would appreciate the advantages now enjoyed by us, we must place ourselves—and that by a rather strong effort of imagination—in the condition of those to whom they were altogether unknown. Even the act of writing was comparatively valueless,—as far as epistolary correspondence was concerned, so long as the means of transmitting letters safely and speedily were wanting, and at the same time cheaply, and their conveyance depended upon such messengers as expresses and carrier-pigeons—which last ought to be the Post-office crest. ‘To waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,’ must have been somewhat more difficult and tedious of accomplishment in those days than the poet would have us believe, for even sighs cannot travel on the wings of the wind ; but by means of the Post we can now *telegraph* day by day with every part of the world—at least of the civilized world,—and that such system of telegraphing is now carried on to an extent truly prodigious, cannot be disputed, it being an authenticated fact, that upwards of two HUNDRED MILLIONS of letters now pass through the Post-Offices of the United Kingdom in the course of a single year ! Who, after this, will deny that we live in what may be preeminently styled an age of “letters,” and that epistolary literature flourishes beyond all example. A system which, as now perfected, circulates millions of letters and newspapers, at a cost to individuals little more than a nominal one, must operate with extraordinary influence upon society, both remotely and directly. The great impetus thus given to commerce, trade, and the dispatch of business of every kind, is sufficiently obvious ; and among secondary consequences is, that the remotest parts of the country are approximated to—made in manner suburbs of the Metropolis, in regard to constant information respecting the events of the passing day, or we might say of the passing hour. The reclusive inhabitants of the most sequestered may keep up an *courant* with the events, and almost with the minutest gossip of the day, and yet enjoy the privilege of solitude undisturbed.

Cowper has touched upon this point most admirably : his description of the arrival of the post and newspaper, is one of the most pleasing bits of familiar painting in his "Task;" and well does he observe

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world : to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd :
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance.

More than half a century has elapsed since the Poet of Olney thus expressed himself, and in that interim most astonishing improvement has been wrought in the Post-Office system, which, when he wrote, was comparatively in its infancy, it being then, in 1784, when he sent his 'Task' to the press, on the eve of a great change, in consequence of the adoption of Mr. Palmer's plan for its improvement, which took place in the very same year. Still, even then, the Post-Office establishment was upon a footing that must have excited the wonder of the preceding century, and was what earlier ages had not even any conception of. History disdains to notice the progress of civilization and advance of society : while it dwells upon battles and events, of many of which all interest has long passed away, it passes over in silence the first beginning of many things which have since grown up into the most important and influential institutions ; or if it alludes to them at all, it is only incidentally, briefly, and obscurely. For this reason it would be useless to endeavour to give any certain or connected account of the origin of Posts in this country. Nothing at all answering to an organized establishment of the kind, appears to have existed until the sixteenth century. Up to that period there had been no other means of communication than by special messengers, the bearers of dispatches and intelligence on business of government or warfare. In like manner, opulent families employed their own *ancii*, or servants to convey letters by journeying to the place of their destination ; but those who could not afford such a very expensive mode of transmission, could communicate with their friends only as chance opportunity offered itself of conveying a letter by private hand ;—a tardy, if not always hazardous expedient.

Even after something like a system of Post had been introduced, it continued for a long while to be acted upon very partially, only along main lines of road connecting a few of the principal towns and sea-ports with the metropolis ; consequently many parts of the country were just as much shut out from intelligence as before. No wonder therefore that in such places primitive habits of living were retained long after they had disappeared elsewhere ; and that the resident country gentry should accordingly have been looked upon as no better than mere rustics, totally ignorant of *savoir vivre*, by those who were 'town-bred.' Of the kind and degree of such rusticity we can now form an idea only from the descriptions to be met with in comedies, novels, and some of the writings of our

Essayists; and they are such as now to appear little less than downright caricatures, so completely have 'ultramontane' and 'hottentot' manners been effaced, and all distinction of that sort between town and country been completely obliterated,—thanks to Railroads, and Post-Office, and Newspapers.

Though the Post-Office has from the time of its first assuming sought like a systematic form, been a special department of the government, and a source of revenue, at the middle of the seventeenth century private individuals and companies carried on the business of posting letters, as speculations of their own. Among other instances this was done in 1649 by the Common Council of the City of London. The 'New Undertakers,' as such companies were then termed, were threatened by Prideaux, who had been appointed the government Post-master; but they resisted the exclusive claim set up on the part of government as an unfair monopoly, and an invasion of the right of private enterprise. So long as the struggle was carried on between the government Post and the private ones, the latter began to introduce material improvements, establishing additional Post-days, or three a week, and charging no more than threepence, while the government had only one Post-day, and charged sixpence. So far the competition was certainly fraught with benefit to the public; yet it may perhaps have been ultimately a greater advantage to the country that a system so highly important to it was made a national concern, immediately under the control of government. This was effected in 1656, by an Act 'to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' From that period the revenue of the Post-Office greatly increased: in 1653 it had been farmed at £10,000; in 1659, at £14,000; and in 1663, when it was settled on the Duke of York, at £21,500. Within the next sixty years the revenue was nearly quadrupled, it amounting in 1724, to £96,399, and ninety years afterwards, (1814,) it had increased to somewhat more than a million and a half, till the gross revenue ultimately averaged two millions and a quarter from 1832 to 1837; and in 1838, the last year of the old system, was £2,346,298.

That system had been in operation for more than half a century, it being the one before alluded to, as established in 1784, according to the plan of Mr. Palmer, and consisted in the substitution of Mail Coaches, with an armed 'Guard' to each, as being a far more efficient mode of conveyance, both in regard to expedition and security, than that of sending the mail-bags by bearers on horseback or in light carts; for up to that period mail robberies had been of frequent occurrence, and the rate of travelling had rarely averaged more than four miles per hour. Although approved of by Mr. Pitt, the Mail Coach scheme had to encounter a good deal of prejudice, and on the part of the Post Office authorities considerable opposition. Fortunately, however, that opposition was disregarded, and experience soon proved, beyond all question, the superiority of the new system. An English Mail Coach, with its driver and guard in the royal liveries, and its fine, well-conditioned, spirited horses, 'used to exhibit the most complete and admirably-

appointed 'turn-out' imaginable, and the perfection of that highly-valued accomplishment 'four-in-hand' driving.

Mail Coaches have now had their day, a death-blow having been given to them by Railways, which are made use of, as far as they at present exist, for the conveyance of mails. A much more important change which has taken place in the affairs of the Post Office, and which has been attended with others, is the Penny Postage. For this scheme, which forms a new era in the history of the Post Office, the public are indebted to Mr. Rowland Hill, who has thereby rendered an essential service to the community. It first of all came into operation January 10th, 1840, and although the very diminished rate of postage caused a considerable deficit in that branch of the revenue, during the first year, the number of letters transmitted by post has since gone on increasing annually in such ratio that in four or five years more the new system will prove as productive to the government as the former one. After the reduction of postage to a minimum, one of the chief features in the present system is the equalization of the rate of postage without regard to distance, whereby every part of the kingdom enjoys the advantage in the same degree, and that at just half of what used to be the charge of the London District Post. The abolition of the privilege of Franking must also be considered a decided improvement, for it was unjust in principle, and most grossly and notoriously abused, to say nothing of the penny-saving meanness to which it gave rise on the part of those who were wont to go a begging in a respectable way, to their privileged friends, for franks, and who seem to have sometimes regulated their correspondence by the opportunities of obtaining them.

Leaving those among our readers who wish for fuller statistical details than we could enter into consistently with the character of our publication, to seek them elsewhere; we now come to speak of the Post Office itself. Previously to the erection of the present edifice, it used to be in Lombard Street, whither it had been removed from Bishopsgate Street, after being at the commencement of last century, in Cloak Lane—a place of unsavory etymology, its name being not the English word it passes for, but derived from the Latin *Cloaca*—anglicised, a sewer. The building in Lombard Street, said to have been originally the residence of Sir Robert Viner, who was Lord Mayor in 1675,—had no architectural pretensions whatever, not even any character of antiquity, being merely a spacious mansion, subsequently enlarged by other houses being united to it, as additional offices. As may, therefore, very well be supposed, the building was very ill-suited to the purpose it was applied to, so much so, that as the business of the Post Office increased, it was at length found absolutely necessary to provide another. Accordingly an Act was passed in 1815, empowering Commissioners to select another site, and carry the intended improvement fully into effect. St. Martin's-le-Grand was chosen as the most eligible situation in point of locality, not, however, because it presented an ample space obviously fitted for the purpose, that space having to be formed by clearing away a vast and densely-

Boarding School



built mass of houses, whose removal has, independently of the new edifice, altogether changed, we need not say improved, the general aspect of the place, converting it into a wide and open street. The purchase and taking down of houses was a work of some time, not being completed till 1821, but in the interim architects had been invited to send in designs for the new Post Office, and nearly one hundred different sets of drawings were submitted to the Commissioners for their examination and selection. In those days public opinion was not at all consulted or sounded in such matters: there was no exhibition of the designs, in any stage of the business, and therefore we can only suppose that favourable as was the occasion, it failed to call forth any degree of talent, for numerous as were the competitors, not one among them all succeeded in satisfying the Lords of the Treasury; and it would further appear that there was no one single design which was susceptible of being so altered and adopted as to be rendered available, since, had such been the case, that course would, it is to be presumed, have been pursued. In this strange perplexity, instead of allowing another trial to a limited number of such of the competitors as had best of all acquitted themselves, the Lords of the Treasury put the affair entirely into the hands of Mr. (now Sir) Robert Smirke, who had not cared to enter the competition. This naturally occasioned much discontent and grumbling among those who had competed; but as they did not proceed beyond mere grumbling, the architect who had been put over their heads, was left to proceed uninterrupted.

The building was commenced towards the end of 1823, and was first opened for business in September, 1829; and the cost of its erection, including fittings and furniture, was between £230,000 and £240,000. The exterior is of Portland stone, and forms an insulated parallelogram of 381 by 120 feet. With the exception of the West front, the exterior is rather tame and plain; and even that façade derives its architectural expression and monumental character chiefly from its portico, which, it must be admitted is one of the best specimens of the kind in the metropolis. Yet, although criticism may find much for animadversion, and has, in fact, occasionally treated the Post Office somewhat cavalierly, the building seems to satisfy the general public, or those who represent it, as being of 'classical' design. In the interior, the chief architectural feature is the Entrance-hall, which extends through the building, in continuation of the portico, from West to East, and serves as an open public thoroughfare in that direction. This vestibule has two colonnades of six columns each along its sides, of the same order as the portico (Grecian Ionic), above which is a clerestory or attic filled in with windows, which light the centre space; but as to architectural character and effect, there is very little more of either than what is derived from the columns themselves.

In that portion of the plan which is on the north side of the entrance Hall, are situated the two rooms of which views are here given, viz., the 'Inland Letter Office,' and the 'Letter-Carriers' Office.' These are to be considered merely as business rooms, they

having no attraction in themselves, nor other merits than that of being adapted to their respective purposes. The first-mentioned of these, which is 88 feet long, by 56 wide, and 28 high, occupies the site of what would else be an interior court; therefore being enclosed by other rooms, is chiefly lighted through glazed compartments in the ceiling, from the open area above it, there being only three other windows in the upper part of the wall at the north end. Over the door from the lobby on the east side of this apartment, is a small projecting bay or oriel window on the level of the upper floor of the building, which commands a view of the whole room, and all the operations carried on in it.

Immediately adjoining the preceding, and on the West side of it, is the "Letter-Carriers'-Office," which is 103 feet long, by 25 wide, and occupies the height of two floors, as is indicated by the two tiers of windows. What would else be the upper floor is not, however, entirely lost, it being rendered partly and, no doubt, sufficiently available also, by being carried as a gallery along the sides of the room, fitted up with seats and desks, and capable of accommodating a very great number of clerks. In order to facilitate communication from side to side, and, also, with the lower part of the room, there is, midway of it, a bridge or hanging cross-gallery, to which are attached two light spiral staircases, one for ascent, the other for descent. About three hundred and seventy persons are here employed, viz., one hundred in the galleries, and the rest on the floor, and each has a particular station assigned to him by number; for were not strict system and method observed in regard to the minutest details of so vast and complicated an establishment, and one in which precision of time, even to a moment, is of the utmost importance, the whole would be thrown into confusion.

Though so called, the "Letter-Carriers' Office" is not used exclusively as such, but only in the mornings; for in the evenings it serves as the Newspaper Office, the business of which commences at half-past five. At that time the newspapers begin to be brought in, in sacks, or packed in omnibusses kept for that purpose, and in carts from the different receiving-houses. These sacks are emptied through a window in the Hall, into large baskets, and are then wheeled forward into the room by the porters, who, as long as it continues, find this part of their duty no sinecure. Neither is the operation of assorting the papers and letters after they are received, by any means a light one, there being barely two hours,—viz., from six o'clock to eight, most punctually,—allowed for it, and for making up all the mail bags. Of newspapers alone, the number passed through the Post Office on a Saturday night, is not less than a hundred thousand, and the weekly average is computed to be above half a million! The mere packing of the accumulated piles and masses of newspapers is another operation in the general process, requiring both dexterity and dispatch. Even considered as no more than so much paper, the quantity of it which passes through the Post Office in the course of a year, would be sufficiently astonishing; but deeper thoughts and feelings arise in the mind, when we reflect that this is all printed

paper, intended to diffuse intelligence and information far and wide throughout the country, and even to remote regions; and when we consider the amount of intellect, as well as industry, continually employed in thus providing, day by day, and from week to week, such a formidable accumulation of that particular species of literature. Fortunately, the printed papers themselves do not battle with each other, else dire would be the conflict between the Ultra-Tory and Ultra-Radical ones, whereas now they suffer themselves to be packed together amicably, cheek by jowl, no matter how opposite their political opinions, or those they may express on other subjects.

Among the other departments of the Post Office business, that of the Money-Order Office has, of late, become not the least important. On entering from the portico, it is on the right hand of the Hall, or on its South side; but sadly disfigures it, being a most unsightly shed-like excrescence projecting into the Hall. Here those who wish to obtain orders for remittance into the country, or have to present them for payment, apply. On the Penny Postage being established, the rate of commission on money orders was lowered to sixpence for all sums between £2 and £5, and to threepence below £2; in consequence of which that branch of the Post Office business has increased most prodigiously, the number of such orders being now about three hundred thousand in the course of a year, and to the aggregate value of seven millions sterling. Hardly necessary is it to point out the very great convenience thus afforded to the public, but it may properly enough be mentioned, that for the idea of the plan itself they are indebted to Mr. Robert Watts, at present one of the senior clerks in the Inland Office, and also one of its presidents. For many years this particular business was conducted by him as an individual speculation of his own, in an office in Foster Lane, under the sanction of the successive Postmasters-General. Its success led to its being attached, a few years ago, to the Post Office establishment, and there are now no fewer than seventy-four persons employed in granting, paying, and checking money orders, which are all duly registered as to amount, names of both sender and receiver, what office drawn upon, &c., and a copy of this registration, called an 'advice,' is sent to the postmaster, as an authority for payment. Since the reduction on the commission, or per centage, on such orders, the business of the department has increased at least ten-fold.

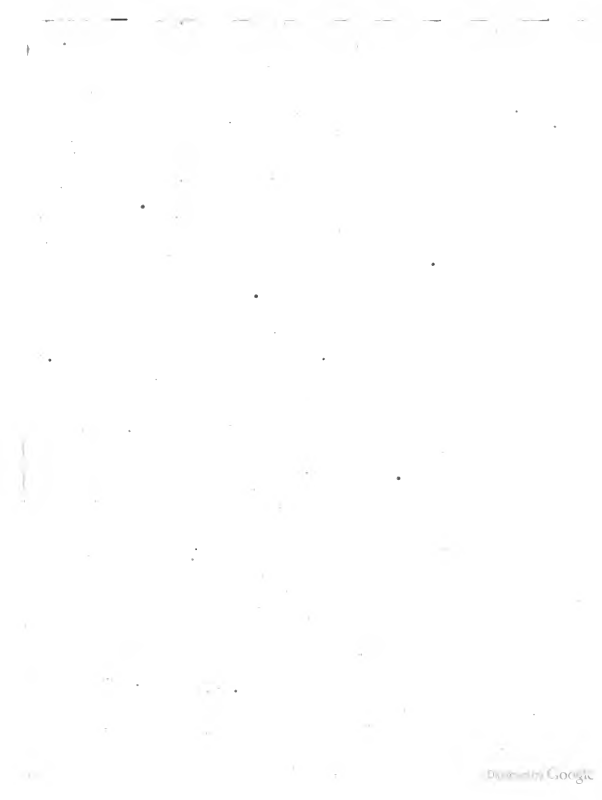
There are various particulars relating to the routine of the Post Office, and the respective duties of those employed in it, which, so far from entering into, we cannot touch upon, since it would require a practical acquaintance with them on our part; and even then we could hardly pretend to explain them clearly to our readers. For instance, the assorting a chaotic mass of some myriads of letters, within the brief space of time that is the utmost which can be allowed for the purpose, might be thought quite an impossibility. The first process is that of stamping them, which is performed at the rate of two hundred per minute, by each of the persons so employed; they are then assorted into

twenty great divisions, each division comprising a particular main line of roads; which being done, they are again sub-sorted, according to the different post-towns for which the bags are made up. Notwithstanding the extraordinary rapidity with which all this is performed, it is done without hustling hurry, because methodically and habitually. Still, it is astonishing that accidents and mistakes are of such rare occurrence, and that letters should not be frequently put into a wrong mail-bag; more especially when it is considered in what sort of handwriting some of them are superscribed—more of hieroglyphical than calligraphical character—certainly not such as “he who runs may read.”

Although the building in St. Martin's-le-Grand is the head-quarters of the Post Office establishment, it is only the centre or heart of a vast organized system, whose extremities reach the utmost extent of the British empire. Letters are conveyed from Nova Scotia to London in eleven days, and from London to Bombay in thirty-one. Lines of steam-boats; have been established from England to Halifax and Boston; to the West-Indian Islands; and to the East Indies *via* the Mediterranean and Red Sea; so that the Post and that species of navigation, may be said to have mutually perfected each other.

Besides the Post Office itself, and four principal branch offices, there are no fewer than four hundred and thirty-six sub-offices, or Receiving-houses, within the limits of the “London District Post,” which is twelve miles in every direction from St. Martin's-le-Grand, that is, forms a circle twenty-four miles in diameter, of which the General Post Office is the centre. These receiving-houses are not distinct offices appropriated exclusively to such purpose, but merely shops with letter-boxes in their windows; and for the accommodation thus afforded, and the trouble attending it, the tradesmen are paid a certain fixed sum annually, varying from £5 to £40, and, in some few instances, more, according to the average duties they have to perform. Formerly there used to be distinct receiving-houses, some for the General, others for the Twopenny Post, but the consolidation of the two by the present system has done away with what was, if not an anomaly, an inconvenience; for before, after finding out a receiving-house, it might prove to be one of the wrong description, and search had to be made afresh.

To enlarge upon the advantages of such an establishment as the Post Office, would be little less than impertinence, because they are felt by every one—by every one, at least, who can read and write, and are known by every-day experience; yet, as we have already remarked, they are apt to be overlooked, because so common as not to be thought of. Well, however, is it for society, that there is now nothing at all *extraordinary* in such an institution as the Post Office—that operating unceasingly with all its vast machinery, it operates silently, not only to the immediate benefit of individuals, but to that of the country at large, as one of the greatest agencies of civilization.





Interior of the Basilica of San Marco, Venice



TOWER OF LONDON.

THE NORMAN CHAPEL IN THE WHITE TOWER.

IN like manner as the 'White Tower,' or Keep, is the most interesting and characteristic of all the buildings within the precincts of the ancient citadel of London, being that which, in spite of the partial modernization it has undergone, shows itself the most 'monumental'; so is the Chapel the most interesting part of its interior as a specimen of the architecture of its period. Dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, though sometimes spoken of by the name of "Caesar's Chapel," this apartment is held by antiquarians to be the most genuine as well as earliest example of Norman work in this country, and one which exhibits the perfect plan of a Norman church (that is, internally) upon a small scale. Yet, if a genuine example, and so far entitled to favour with the antiquary, it is not the choicest one—not exactly what the architect would select as a study of the style to which it belongs, since of style it shows very little more than the first indications and rudiments in regard to pillars and arches. If, however, it be too naked and austere in character—so much so that it conveys no idea of the refinement which the style is susceptible of, and to which it would perhaps have attained in a higher degree had it not been superseded by the introduction of the Pointed or Gothic style,—this interior is an unmixed and, so far, a pure if not complete example of Norman.

Few persons take the trouble to discriminate their feelings very nicely; accordingly so that they do but feel interest in examining a building, they do not stop to inquire of what particular kind that interest is, or how it impresses them, but set it all down to the account of the building itself, although to that the least share of it may belong. This is wrong, because it leads to erroneous judgments and false criticism. In matters of architecture, antiquity and historical associations are apt to be terribly seductive and deceptive, causing us to judge of objects by extraneous and accidental circumstances, and to set down the influence of these last as that of qualities inherent in the objects themselves. Antiquarianism has its foibles; it is prone to indulge in that overweening admiration which partakes of doting superstition. Its enthusiasm is wonderfully excited by names and dates, irrespectively of all other considerations, it being very much akin to that devotee criticism which estimates a daub said to be a veritable portrait of the Virgin by St. Luke himself, far above the most exquisite of Raphael's Madonnas. We would not be thought to speak irreverently of the gentle craft of antiquarianism, but we certainly cannot accompany it to the full extent of all its fancies, and its too credulous admiration of relics doubtful at the best, at the same time so utterly trivial in themselves as to have

no other claim to regard than what is founded upon their assumed genuineness. Neither can we help thinking that Antiquarianism sometimes pulls one way and Art another, in accordance with their respective mottos, "*Fetustas*," and "*Fenustas*,"—which are so much alike, that it is not greatly to be wondered at if the one be sometimes mistaken for the other.

As far as a venerable name and date, both of unquestionable authenticity, go towards conferring interest up it, the Norman Chapel of the Tower is recommended by that of Gundulph the prelate, architect of Rochester Cathedral and Castle, and by the date 1078, or the twelfth year of the Conqueror. It is accordingly one of the earliest authenticated examples of our Anglo-Norman; and is in its appearance primitive even to rudeness, presenting to the eye only the bare forms of pillars and arches alone, without any other elements of the style, or any of that elaborate and delicately wrought ornament which afterwards tempered its severity, and occasionally imparted to it a character even of richness; so that had not its further progress been interrupted by the invention and universal adoption of the pointed arch, it probably might have been carried on to much greater excellence, and without forfeiting anything as to consistency might have attained to greater fulness and variety of expression, although hardly perhaps moulded into such a system "all compact" as that of its successor, the Gothic style.

Being merely an apartment within the White Tower, the Chapel does not at all show itself externally, being there nowise distinguishable from the rest—which is of military character, except that its situation is indicated by the projection forming the rounded portion at its East end, by which it may be seen that it occupies the South-east angle of the structure. Still, by those not otherwise informed of it, the existence of a Chapel within the Keep would hardly be suspected, because since it has been used as a Record-office, the public are not admitted into it; consequently it is now known to very few except by drawings and views of it. Our engraving represents it nearly in its entire extent from its West end, whereby all the pillars are shown, and of course all the arches also, except the one which is cut off on each side the foreground or end nearest the spectator. Without this explanation, or a plan in lieu of it, a very erroneous idea of it might be conveyed by the view, it being impossible to understand from that alone how much is shown or how much is cut off, for the plan might be extended *ad libitum*—the view supposed to show not more than one half of it. Hence, where there is no verbal description, or when that that—as too frequently happens—omits to supply complementary information, very imperfect ideas or even gross misconceptions are sometimes conveyed by views of buildings—by interior ones more especially, because in them the whole of the subject cannot possibly be represented, unless by two separate drawings taken in opposite directions.

Having set the reader right as to one rather important point—and as for those who

skip over letter-press, it is not our fault if they fall into error in regard to it—it will now plainly be understood that there are altogether twelve insulated pillars—and of course thirteen arches—dividing this chapel into a middle portion or nave, and two sides, which are continued behind the semicircle or apse at the East end. In this last situation the pillars are put closer to each other than along the sides of the room; owing to which the arches are there narrower, and would consequently be lower also than the others, did they spring immediately from the imposts or capitals of the pillars; therefore to obviate this irregularity they are *stilted*, that is, the arches themselves are elevated by being made to spring from a higher level than the apparent imposts, so as to bring their 'crowns' or summits to the same height as the wider ones. By this artifice uniformity is preserved throughout, in regard to the arches or arched openings between the columns being alike in height, as measured from the floor, although dissimilar in width, while the difference in other respects is of such kind as to occasion rather an agreeable species of variety than offensive irregularity, more especially since instead of being mere arbitrary caprice, the motive for it is sufficiently apparent, and the eye is reconciled to the dissimilarity in the outlines and proportions of the arched openings, by the ingenuity with which the problem is solved. And as the opportunity offers itself, we may, for want of a better one, here remark, that architectural language is exceedingly vague and indefinite, there being no precise term to distinguish, where occasion requires it, between the arch properly so called, and the whole void or space over which it is extended, and of which it forms a part. Hence great confusion and uncertainty arise in verbal description, the word 'arch' being indiscriminately employed sometimes to mean that part alone, at others the entire void as measured from the floor; and arches are frequently spoken of as being of narrow or wide proportions—of lofty or low, when they are in reality of the same proportions, the difference being occasioned by the greater proportional narrowness or width—elevation or depression of the opening below their impost.* We are not prepared to suggest any adequate term—at any rate none that would not be considered too arbitrary and fanciful; but it is obvious that the 'arches',—if we must still so term them—of the apse, are of different character and proportions from the others.

A still more strongly marked difference prevails between the arches forming the upper gallery or Triforium, and those below. These openings are exceedingly low in comparison with their width; and very unlike those in similar situations in some of the Norman naves of our cathedrals, where the arches of the upper arcade or Triforium are generally subdivided into two lesser ones supported on a central pillar, and comprised within the larger arch extending over them,—as at Rochester, Chichester, and Peterborough. In the nave of Norwich cathedral, on the contrary, the Triforium has large open arches, similarly to the Chapel in the Tower.

* The difference between proportions and dimensions has been already explained in the description of Westminster Hall; which the reader may consult.

In this last, however, the arches differ materially from most other examples, having nothing whatever that amounts to design—no kind of architectural finish—no archivolt or other mouldings, but being merely arched perforations of the wall. The general nakedness is further increased by the excessive plainness of the roof, which is merely semi-cylindrical or what is called 'waggon-headed,' without any groinings or ribs, consequently destitute of what is not only one of the most characteristic circumstances belonging to the style, but contributes so materially to perspective effect and play of intersecting lines. The kind of effect just alluded to, is tolerably well exemplified in the following subject, viz. the view of the Small Armoury, where the ribs on the vaulting—the diagonal ones crossing each other, produce a sort of regular intricacy, and as seen in receding succession render the appearance or distance more distinct, whereas the roof in the Chapel is a mere blank surface.

Although we have already mentioned that this chapel is at the south-east angle of the White Tower, it remains to be noted that it is not, as might else be supposed from its general appearance and massiveness of construction, in the lower part of the edifice, but in the second story, and includes the corresponding space of the third story, rising up the height of both of them. How then, it may be asked, are such ponderous pillars, being on an upper floor, supported from below!—Do they rest upon corresponding pillars or piers of any kind beneath the chapel?—Instead, however, of being so supported, the pillars of the chapel stand upon the *solid* walls of the vaulted chamber under it, and which is no longer than the nave, therefore the pillars and aisles may be said to be 'got out' of the walls of the edifice. That this could very well be done is evident, when it is known that the external walls, and beneath the chapel, the inner ones are in some places nearly sixteen feet thick, which is about three feet more than the nave of the chapel is wide! In fact, so far from being at all spacious, this apartment is rather contracted, and may be termed even diminutive, considering the form it assumes of a church with aisles. The extreme dimensions, including the aisles, are only 58 feet by 32, the nave not more than 48 feet in length, by thirteen or fourteen in width, measured within the pillars.

As to the vaulted room beneath the chapel, we know not to what purpose, if any, it is now appropriated, nor whether it be the same with the secret chamber of St. Katherine in the Tower of London, where, as tradition relates, Edward I. busied himself in alchemical studies with the celebrated Raymond Lully. Certainly, no more fitting place for conducting such mysterious operations could have been found; nor could any stronger 'strong-room' have been wished for in order to treasure up in safety as much gold as might be manufactured. What success attended the labours of the royal alchemist and his coadjutor may easily be guessed, for they no doubt discovered that if they could not transmute the base metals into gold, they could into *moonshine*.



Interior of the Tunnel of the

THE TOWER.

THE NORMAN ARMOURY.

At nearly the eastern extremity of the Great or Horse Armoury, through an open arch, which is shown at the right-hand corner in the view of that lower gallery, streams forth a blaze of sunny light which actually kindles up that spot, and sheds a warm effulgence over it even in the dulllest weather; when the glow is if not the most vivid, more especially striking, inasmuch as it then contrasts so strongly with the chiller light of all besides; and, on being first perceived, may be mistaken for a powerful gleam of gas-light issuing from that opening. On a nearer approach it is discovered to be produced merely by a skylight of coloured glass over that lobby; the effect attending which is very far better than the cause itself, since the latter makes no pretension to the character of painted glass; better therefore would it have been had the skylight been so managed as to be kept out of sight. An excellent hint, however, may be derived from it by those who do not disdain to pick up, wherever they can, an idea not of sufficient authority to be professedly copied, but—what is far better—capable of being variously modified and greatly improved upon. The architect may here learn how, without other aid, an effect of the kind can be made to impart attraction to what would be else of insipid common-place character, and how an interior may be *illuminated* as well as merely lighted.

Entering the lobby and ascending the staircase, we reach an upper vestibule, which serves as a sort of Ante-Armoury, since it contains many objects of military *veritas*, and, among other curiosities, two figures more grotesque than venerable, the one holding a pot of beer, the other a quartern of gin—at least such fiery potion is supposed to be the contents of his measure. These figures are conjectured by Sir Samuel Meyrick to have been “originally placed over the door in the great hall in the palace at Greenwich, which led to the buttery and larder—an usual custom in old buildings,” and to have been brought hither with the armour from that royal residence on its destruction. Those more captious than ourselves might object that the good cheer of old English hospitality would have been better and more fully expressed had there been some symbol of *cating* as well as of *drinking*,—had he of the gin borne a roasted boar’s head instead of his quartern measure. Not caring to inquire too nicely into that matter, we shall content ourselves with remarking that these figures seem to be in high favour with most of the visitors, who find them ‘vastly droll’ and ‘vastly natural.’ Of nature they certainly have enough, and, apparently,

of good-nature too; therefore we should be less disagreeably startled by their jumping down from their pedestals, than were the like feat performed by some of the grim old warriors and doughty knights in the Horse-Armoury. It would seem that fresco-painting has been peeping in here for subjects and studies, for in the Westminster Hall exhibition there is one fresco in congenial style and spirit with those two Ante-Matthewites, to wit, that which represents a jolly old John Bull, indulging in potations of ale, and which, if not exactly in the 'grand style' of art, is, at least, in a sufficiently intelligible one,—so *homi soit qui mal y pense*.

From this vestibule a flight of steps conducts us up into the small, or as it is otherwise called, Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, at the further end of which, directly facing the entrance, we behold the effigies of the Maiden Queen herself on horseback, on a caparisoned steed, and attired in a dress similar to the one which is said, or is supposed, to have been worn when going in procession to St. Paul's, to celebrate the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In the accompanying engraving, this lively or life-like representation of her Majesty is not shown, the view being taken from that end of the Armoury where it stands, and looking towards the entrance, through which a glimpse of the vestibule is caught in the distance, and though the steps leading up from it are not seen, they are expressed by the figures in the vestibule being on a lower level. Yet although thus compelled to turn our backs on the Royal Elizabeth, our pen may be allowed to record the very original remark which the figure once drew forth, in our hearing, from a person of very respectable appearance. On learning whom the figure represented, he exclaimed to his companion, 'So! that is good Queen Bess!—she, you know, who had her head cut off by Bloody Mary of Scotland;—and here she is, prancing on a white horse, as unconcerned as if nothing was to happen to her. Ugly times were those, when cutting off heads was in fashion!' And if the reader should here accuse us of 'invention,' he not only wrongs us, but he attributes to us a degree of imagination far greater than we can pretend to: Hardly any one, indeed, could imagine such a specimen of innocent and self-satisfied ignorance, in an age which takes to itself credit for being one of universal enlightenment, with the 'schoolmaster abroad' everywhere, save where he is most of all wanted.

Having shaken off the reproach we might else have incurred for having endeavoured to practise upon the reader's credulity in order to try its extent and elasticity, we will now proceed more soberly—and, first, to describe the room itself, or rather—as the pencil has taken that office from our pen, leaving little to be added in the way of mere description, to set down a few supplementary observations. This small gallery—for to such name its proportions entitle it—which are not much more than twelve feet in width, by thirty feet, or thereabouts, in length, is not exactly in *status quo*—having been rendered much better-conditioned than it was when it served as the prison-house of the illustrious Sir Walter Raleigh; for it has been so greatly trimmed up—at once modernized and 'antiquitized,'

that it might very well pass for the studio of some collector of ancient armour. Its former loop-hole openings, which served to banish darkness by converting it into palpable gloom, have given way to windows, admitting sufficient light, at the same time not so much as to destroy solemnity. The other modern work consists of Norman fret-mouldings on the roof, disposed like those of a groined vault, although it is merely an arched one; and of panelling with small intersecting Norman arches along the lower part of the wall. In two places this panelling is made to open after the manner of a 'jib,' or secret door' into den-like recesses or cavities within the wall, which were used either as sleeping places for prisoners, or as dungeons for their more strict confinement. Names and inscriptions traced on the walls by some of the unhappy wretches here confined in Mary's reign are said still to be visible, and there are written copies of them, hung up for the inspection of the curious.

These dismal sepulchral cells, and the various instruments of torture here exhibited,—all contrived with the utmost cunning of devilish ingenuity and invention—do not say much for the 'good old times' of 'Merry England,' but rather bear damning testimony against them as times of atrocious cruelty and tyranny. To say the truth, history is no very great flatterer of the 'good old times' of any country, generally depicting them in such colours that admiration is converted into horror. The most dotting and obsequious veneration for the past, cannot blind any one to the iniquities and cruelties with which our annals are rife, nor can even the most ultra-conservatism wish to recal such a system of society. The history of the Tower itself is almost a blot upon our history; it exhibits to us a series of crimes, where, for the most part, arbitrary force was the real criminal, and the accused or prisoner was the victim meriting to be avenged.

Could they all be drawn up in array, those who have been imprisoned, and many of them put to death within the Tower, might furnish out an appalling tragic pageant. Mortimer—but the paramour of the infamous Isabel of France, richly merited his fate,—Richard II., Chaucer, Lord Cobham, Owen Tudor, the Duchess of Gloucester, Henry VI., Edward V., the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Wyatt, Essex, and very many others, were all in turn prisoners at the Tower, and many of them escaped longer captivity only by being led to the block. Such was the fate of the universally commiserated Lady Jane Grey; and the axe with which she was beheaded—which is also said to have been the same employed for the execution of Anne Boleyn—is still shewn among the other implements of death or torture, treasured up in the Small Armoury, as the last relics, it is to be hoped, of times of tyranny and cruelty destined never more to return to us.

One of the most odious as well as the most prominent traits of those unhappy times was the savage and certainly most unchristian practice of torturing and maiming in every conceivable shape, perpetrated with a cold-blooded ferocity and refinement of cruelty that

would disgrace cannibals. To increase our detestation of such horrors, religion, which ought, and which, if it had duly exerted its influence on society, would have prevented, was, on the contrary, too frequently made the pretext for committing them with more than wonted savageness. Strange spectacle for the infidel world that the followers of a religion, which, above all others, inculcates humanity and compassion, should exhibit such deadly and malignant rancour on the part of rival creeds, churches, and establishments mutually anathematizing and martyring, and resorting to the rack and the axe as the last and most convincing of their theological arguments.

To escape from the sombre strain of schoolboy-theme moralizing, let us congratulate ourselves that thumbcrews, pincers, instruments for tearing flesh and crushing bones, are gone out of fashion, and would be clean forgotten were they not preserved as harmless curiosities in such repositories as the Small Armoury. As to the prison chambers of the Tower, they are now all untenanted. The last personage who was lodged here—and no doubt far more comfortably provided for than any of his predecessors in captivity had been, was the late Sir Francis Burdett, at that time of demagogue and patriot celebrity. On April 6th, 1810, a vote passed the House of Commons for the Baronet's committal to the Tower, adjudging a letter and other matter of his printed in Cobbett's Register of the preceding March 24th, to be libellous and scandalous, and a breach of privilege. The Baronet resisted the Speaker's warrant 'upon principle,' wishing perhaps to make as much fuss about the affair as possible, and if so he gained his point, since for two entire days that part of Piccadilly where he resided, was blocked up by the mob, who kept shouting out, 'Burdett for ever!'—grateful music, no doubt, to his ears. The Guards were called out, and were received with volleys of stones. The whole of the West-end of the Town was in uproar and consternation, and dreadful, except in the ears of glaziers, was the smashing of windows by the mob, at the houses of Sir Francis' political adversaries. At length on the third day, the Baronet was conveyed to the Tower in a glass coach, with all possible privacy; but on its reaching Tower Hill a conflict took place between the populace and the soldiery, in which one individual lost his life and several were wounded. On the prorogation of Parliament, June 21st, the captive was liberated, but did not care to return home in the gallant style which his friends and supporters intended. They had planned a triumphal procession from the Tower to Piccadilly, but had reckoned without the host, for on his getting out of the Tower, Sir Francis gave them the slip, crossed the river in a boat, and drove off in a carriage waiting for him on the other side, to his residence at Wimbledon.

The Gates of the Tower, are now, in all probability closed for ever against prisoners; therefore its history may be said to be closed too: but be it so or not, we will here close our gossiping on the subject.



Nella Cappella di S. Gennaro, l'altare in Marmo del Re

WESTMINSTER HALL,

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES AND FRESCOS.

A most surprising change, and one greatly for the better, has been wrought in the manners and tastes of the people within the lapse of a single century. Startling as it sounds, it was only a hundred years ago, that a species of brutal and ferocious lawlessness, utterly incompatible with order and public safety, was permitted to disgrace the metropolis of a civilized and enlightened nation. In *seventeen* hundred and forty four, the civic authorities were obliged to represent to the king the unbearable pitch to which the outrages perpetrated by the 'Mohocks'—the name assumed by a class of ruffians who then infested the town—had reached. In *eighteen* hundred and forty-four, Mohocks are among the things that have been, and have also been forgotten, and we have gotten instead, a taste—at least a sort of relish for art; and what is more, there is a disposition to extend its harmonising influences among all classes of the people. This contrast between the times of George the Second, and those of Queen Victoria, is not a little striking, nor a little flattering also to us of the present day, and therefore we would recommend it to the especial consideration of those who fancy that society degenerates,—that as the world grows older it grows worse,—that the march of intellect and improvement is all a mere *mirage* whose flattering appearance conceals a quagmire into which we shall eventually sink.

In 1743, Vauxhall—then in its second season—was the universal admiration of the public, who were at a loss how duly to express their astonishment at its wondrous magnificence. In 1843 another *hall*—no other than Westminster Hall, so long sacred to the gentlemen of the long robe and their clients,—was opened for an exhibition of Cartoons, and again in the present year there is a second one of Frescoes and sculpture. Law has been turned out, and Art has been let in. Who would have dared to prophesy such an event, we will not say a century, but even ten years ago? Assuredly no one who did not wish to pass for a mere dreamer and visionary. Yet though congratulation is loud, gratitude is silent; artists and the public are alike unmindful of the origin and real author of it all. Had it not been for the awful and lamentable conflagration, or, as it must now be styled, the "glorious and felicitous flare-up" on the ever-memorable night of October the 16th, 1834,—whose anniversary is, no doubt, duly and joyously celebrated by one individual, if by no other;—had it not been, we say, for such happy calamity, we should never have had the New Palace of Westminster, and without that, should in all probability

never have thought of introducing Fresco-painting in this country, at least, not upon such a wholesale scale as is now proposed to be done. But then, whom have we to thank for the Fire itself?—it was not the effect of either spontaneous combustion or *inflammation* language. The damage done would have been inconsiderable, had Mrs. Wright not been a little in the wrong, disregarding the warnings of fire, given her, it seems, by her own nose. We do not say that that worthy lady can exactly be called a Mrs. Fry for having frid the old Houses of Parliament for the nonce; nor do we suppose that in emulation of that classical example, Miss Thais, she 'led the way,' with a lighted 'tallow' in her hand,

"And like another Helen, fired another Troy."

Still full credit may be given her for her passive patriotism on this occasion—certainly with as much justice as many important public events are identified with the princes in whose time they have occurred. For our part we should certainly decree a statue to Mrs. Wright among those which it is intended to erect within the walls of the new edifice;—or if not a statue, at all events a bust, with a legend borrowed from Wren's epitaph; 'Si monumentum queris—circumspice!'—Look around on the bright array of Fresco-painting and sculpture, of storied windows and heraldic emblazonments, of polychromy and carving, of tracery and fretwork; and while ye contemplate this glorious panoply of art, bestow at least one passing thought on her to whom you are primarily indebted for it all. Whatever others may feel, we are truly grateful to Mrs. Wright, and with most just cause, since the recollection of her has enabled us to *write* thus far easily and pleasantly to ourselves,—perhaps not very tediously to our readers.

Our former view of Westminster Hall, (in Part XX.) represented it fitted up on a different occasion, and for a very different purpose, viz., the trial of Warren Hastings, when its walls echoed at intervals during seven successive years to fierce declamation and furious invectives, in lieu of which there now prevails the less noisy eloquence of painting and sculpture.

As we have nothing now to add to the remarks which we have already made upon the Hall itself, we are in no danger of wearying our readers by architectural comment. All that we have to do is to call their attention to its general appearance in its new character of an exhibition room, for which purpose, though never intended, it is in some respects excellently adapted; because, instead of interfering with, or concealing any of its features, the pictures and statues rather serve to fill up the blankness of the lower part of the walls, and impart life and animation to the *coup d'œil* of the whole interior, which was not a little scenic, and which was at times considerably enhanced by particular effects of extraordinary brilliancy, whenever a gleam of sunshine darting through all the windows, fell upon some of

the statues and groups, kindling them into almost dazzling lustre. What especially renders this Hall so good a model for a Picture Gallery, in one particular is, that lofty as it is, it is impossible to hang up pictures higher than the bottom of the windows, or about eighteen feet from the floor, or somewhat less than one-third of the whole height; whereas it too frequently happens at most other exhibitions of pictures, that not only is the general appearance injured by their being packed up row above row, from the floor to the very ceiling, but a considerable number of them are put quite out of sight, or what is nearly the same, where they cannot possibly be properly seen, and never are looked at. Another circumstance greatly in favour of this exhibition as an exhibition, was, that the pictures being all of large, and pretty nearly of the same dimensions, they so far formed a more consistent collection than is the case when the assemblage of them is a mere medley as to sizes, and not only that, but smaller subjects are placed above larger ones,—partly, perhaps, in order to avoid the awkward 'top-heavy' effect that would take place were all the larger frames to be hung up above, and all the smaller ones below.

In regard, likewise, to the exposition of the Sculpture, the very superior effect produced by the manner in which it is arranged along the middle of the Hall, compared with that in which it is huddled together at the Royal Academy, must have struck every one. In the room appropriated to, but not adapted for sculpture, at the Academy, the larger figures have the look of being smothered, there being scarcely sufficient space to obtain a proper view of them—indeed hardly sufficient for those who visit that room—and they are comparatively few—to stir about. Accordingly the sculpture part of the exhibition has told with unusual effect at Westminster Hall, where it has probably been aided in some degree by its being relieved and set off to advantage, by the depth of shadow and background. So soon, the effects of the sculpture had even somewhat of novelty in it,—perhaps, was more prepossessing as a whole, than that of the paintings; nay, perhaps the sculpture showed better in comparison with the latter, than they did in comparison with the sculpture, and that for two if not more reasons. First, because being of the same colour, or rather, colourless, the statues seemed to be of more uniform taste than the paintings, which manifested great disparity of colouring and execution; next, because they were not, as was the case with the frescoes, experiments in regard to a new—at least unpractised process of the art, and its manipulation. With the painters, it was almost as much a trial of strength in respect to mechanical skill and manual dexterity, as in respect to choice of subjects, and the treatment of them; whereas the sculptors had only to pursue the same *modus operandi* in which they had been trained up, and which they had all along practised. They therefore had not to contend, like the painters, with difficulties peculiar to the occasion, and arising from inexperience of the particular process to be followed.

As we are not here writing a professed critique on the exhibition in Westminster Hall, we shall not particularize any individual productions, or artists, but, confining ourselves to

broad general remarks, give as our opinion that very few indeed of the frescoes gave satisfactory promise—and more than promise was not looked for,—of talent adequate to the important task of worthily decorating the walls of the New Palace of Westminster. A great proportion of them were so utterly inappropriate in point of subject—for in that respect they would have been far better suited for 'Annual' prints,—that they seemed intended to challenge notice only for a merit in which some of them were most grossly deficient—namely that of execution. Neither were inappropriateness of subject, and imperfection of execution, the sole or even principal defects to be laid to their charge, for there was the more hopeless one of deficiency in regard to the mental qualities of art.—poetic conception; elevation of ideas, geniality of sentiment, and *con amore* earnestness. There were undoubtedly several very clever performances,—but then *Clever!*—who ever heard of a clever epic poem? or spoke of Milton as a clever poet, and of Raffaele as a clever painter?—no one, except those who would describe an eagle as 'a nice pretty bird,' or else admire the majesty of a canary in its cage.

Our artists, it is to be apprehended, must turn over a new leaf in their lesson book, if they would get beyond that said 'cleverness' which at present satisfies the public, who have greater relish for and better understand mere matter-of-fact, whether it be portrait, landscape, or *genre*, than the poetic and ideal. In saying this, we must not be understood as wishing to depreciate, or being insensible to the merits of this lower branch of art. On the contrary, if it be treated with real talent and geniality, we hold it to be preferable to the loftier style of art, when the latter rises no higher than the 'passable' and the 'respectable,' and although dressed out in the livery of poetic dignity, is essentially—*intus et in cute*—prosaic and common-place, and its greatness merely littleness magnified—a flea in a microscope made to look to the eye as big as an elephant. It is supposed by some that artists' ideas expand as matter of course, in proportion to the amplitude of surface which they have to cover, and to the dignity of the subjects which they undertake to represent: yet we are somewhat sceptical on that point. No doubt, he who has a capacity for great things, will feel himself fettered, cramped, confined, if tied down to small ones; so as to be incapable of putting forth his energies; but then, unless the energy be in the man, the mere opportunity of exerting it, however favourable, will not create it for the occasion.

In a matter which is yet still *sub judice*, having gone through little more than one stage of experiment, any decided opinion of ours would be no less rash than presumptuous. If the 'Commission of Fine Arts' will be content with such works in Fresco as will not derogate from the character of the other decorations, and that of the building itself, it may look forward to reasonable success, more especially as a considerable time will be afforded the artists for study before they can commence their labours on the walls. In the meanwhile there is something to be done by the public also: they must wean themselves of some of their present tastes if they would relish any thing much higher in painting than what they have hitherto patronized or been accustomed to.

Interior of the Great Gallery, Nov. 1870.



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EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

If great cities have—as cannot be denied—their peculiar evils, they have also their peculiar compensations, and foremost among them are the facilities afforded for the cheap gratification of intellectual tastes, by galleries, museums, and exhibitions of works of art, not to speak of others of a more scientific nature. Even Cowper has admitted as much, and that the metropolis, more especially, is the focus and rendezvous of art, notwithstanding his aversion to town-life generally, and his quaintly pious remark:—

‘God made the country, and man made the town.’

which line, we may observe *en passant*, looks very much like a plagiarism from, though it may be only an accidental coincidence with, that of Cowley’s—

‘God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.’

But when Cowper wrote his ‘Task,’ London was by no means so well provided with picture exhibition as at present. At that time the Royal Academy was in its infancy—at least only in its teens, not having been formally instituted by charter under such title, till 1768, although it had existed three years previously under that of the ‘Incorporated Artists of Great Britain.’ The Academy first took possession of its apartments in Somerset House, in 1780; and its annual exhibitions there were for many years the only ones of the kind, therefore unrivalled, or at any rate rivalless. Since then, however, several other annual exhibitions have been established, viz., those of the ‘Society of Painters in Water colours’ (1804,) the British Institution (1805,) the Suffolk Street Society, or that of British Artists (1825,) and the New Water-colour Society, about eight years ago.

Of the two Water-colour Societies the exhibitions are not only confined to that particular branch of art, but receive no other works than those by their own members, consequently are upon a limited scale and contain fewer productions. Yet if so far these *Secretarians* in art—so to call them—hold out fewer attractions as to the number of their performances, and show less as to quantity for the shilling they take, they give a good honest ‘shilling’s worth’ in point of quality. The exhibitions of the elder of these two Societies have invariably been—at least for as long as our own recollection of them goes back—certainly full as choice as exclusive. They manifest far greater equality of talent and merit, than do the more miscellaneous ones, for in them hardly anything is ever to be found that can be pronounced decidedly poor; neither is anything lost by being thrust into a corner where it is likely to be overlooked. Although merely matters of regulation and management, these circumstances alone tend to elevate the character of this Society’s

exhibitions; but leaving its annual musterings before the public out of the question, this body has done so very much for art, that we may be excused for mentioning its services in this place, lest another opportunity should not be afforded us.

Water-colour Painting may fairly be considered an entire new species of art; one *discovered*, we may say, in this country, now brought by us to such a degree of perfection as hardly to leave any further advance either attainable or imaginable. What was previously so called was not *painting*, but merely tinting and washing, very much after the same mechanical manner that maps or prints are coloured. The vehicle of colours is the same as before, but the management of them—the process and manipulation have been entirely changed, whereby a depth of tone and fulness of colouring have been produced which compete with the force of oil-painting; they also possess both artistic breadth of effect and geniality of execution—qualities which it is in vain to look for in any works of the original school; whose performances were not only ‘water’ but watery—so faint, feeble, and spiritless as to be the merest *milk-and-water* of art. We do not pretend to say that water-colour can accomplish all that oil can, it being inevitably restricted to pictures of small dimensions, consequently is not to be thought of for historical subjects of the size of life:—possibly it might be applied with success to life-size portraits, showing only the head and upper part of the bust, but we are not aware of its having been yet employed for such purpose. It is quite enough for its credit that it is capable of producing exquisite cabinet pictures of figure subjects and *genre*; and that it possesses peculiar advantages for the representation of landscape and natural scenery, which it expresses with a suavity, a clearness and a freshness of tints, surpassing those of oil. In regard to architecture again, its services cannot possibly be estimated too highly, for it has given rise to quite a new school of architectural delineation, combining truthfulness and technical accuracy with the most delightful pictorial expression and effect. Oil hardly admits of the firmness and precision of outline requisite for similar subjects, or if obtained, it is apt to occasion hardness and dryness. Even what pictures we have seen of Peter Neef’s have fallen so very far short of the expectations raised by his celebrity, as to quench our eagerness to behold more of them: for to us they have appeared at once laboured and insipid, and treated quite mechanically, without any sort of gusto or sentiment. On the contrary, water-colour as now practiced, has been the means of greatly advancing architectural representation, and of rendering it more popular, by rendering it more pictorial. Indirectly to that, in the first instance, and more immediately to the invention and application of lithography, we are indebted for many publications of high excellence,—such as those by Haghe, and Joseph Nash, and among foreign ones—the truly admirable and intensely interesting ‘*Expos. Artistica*,’ of Villa-mil. At all events, if water-colour itself is to be considered as a lower, or rather a less dignified grade of art than oil-painting, England has reason to be proud of those artists who have refined and elevated it into what it now is—a mode of painting fraught with great capabilities and excellence, and one in which this country decidedly takes the lead.

This 'Water-colour', and the other Societies above mentioned, are merely private associations, formed by artists among themselves, chiefly for the purpose of enabling them to exhibit their productions at stated periods, and more advantageously than if they were mixed up with, and absorbed into a larger general collection. But the Societies themselves claim no authority nor make any pretence to the character of seminaries or conservatories for training up students. In this country the only formally instituted and privileged college of art is the Royal Academy; and as the number of its members is limited by its charter to forty, and they are admitted only by election, from among individuals of some standing and reputation in their respective walks of art, the title of Academician or affix of R. A., to their names is considered a rather important distinction—equivalent in fact to a high 'university degree.' There are, however, in addition to the Academicians, eighteen Associates, or A. R. A.'s, the latter grade being generally the initiative to the higher one;—also six Associate Engravers. Besides the three Professors of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, there are two others for those elementary, but most important branches of design, Perspective and Anatomy. As to the title and office of President, we need not observe, that they constitute the highest pinnacle of an artist's ambition, as far as fame depends upon nominal distinctions; and they also give a certain rank in society. The President is the Premier in the ministry of art,—or he may be styled its Lord Chancellor, and his chair of office the wool sack, towards which many look with longing eyes; or again, to change the comparison, that honoured seat is the 'Lambeth' of academical advancement and preferment. Honoured we may well call it, since it has been filled by Reynolds, West, and Lawrence; the first of whom exercised his pen as well as his pencil with such ability, that his "Discourses" have established for him the reputation of a classic in our literature. Nor is he the only academycian who has given his lucubrations to the public, for we have also the printed lectures of both Fuseli and Opie. Nay, the present President had at one time some yearnings after literary renown,

———" when,
A traitor from his pencil to his pen,
He wrote,—and to enhance the crime,
Coquetted with the muse, in rhyme."

—It was, however, not in rhymes amatory, but in "Rhymes on Art," when though the letters R. A. were the initials of his book, they were not his own.

The reputation of the Academy's lectureships is ably supported at present by Professors Howard and Westmacott, on painting and sculpture respectively, and some of them have been reported at length in the Athenaeum. These shew that there is still mind and energy among the Academicians, notwithstanding that there has been a disposition of late to attack the Royal Academy, as a mere monopolising clique, less anxious to promote the general interests of art, than their own private ones. It has been further alleged against it, that it affords too much encouragement to portrait-painting, and too little to other departments of

art. More reasonably, perhaps, might it be objected that the Academy treats two of the arts which it professes to take under its especial protection, viz. Sculpture and Architecture, with less of maternal than stepmotherly feeling. The majority of the members being painters, accounts for this bias, but then all the more necessary is it, that it should be guarded against, and steps taken to counteract it; at least, there might be greater vigilance and energy on the part of those who more immediately represent those particular interests.

It is unfortunate for the Academy that they have gained very little, if, indeed, anything at all, as to accommodation in point of space, by exchanging their former apartments in Somerset House for those which they now occupy in Trafalgar Square. The chief advantage gained is, that there is not the same fatiguing length of dismal staircase to encounter as before. The present building accuses, if not its architect, his employers, who limited him to a narrow slip of ground, neither allowing him to bring his building forwarder in front, nor to extend it behind, by removing the other buildings at its rear. Neither did Mr. Wilkins himself manage quite so well as he might have done under such unfavourable circumstances, for he gave up too much space in the centre of his plan to mere approaches, without having obtained anything like a corresponding degree of architectural effect, for the whole of it looks strangely confused and cut up, and to be little better than so much space thrown away where there was none at all to be spared. In fact, the whole of the building is not at all more than what is now actually required for the exhibition-rooms of the Royal Academy, or will eventually be needed for those of the National Gallery, and very shortly too, if additions continue to be made to that collection, as they have been; unless, indeed, the '*packing system*,' is to be allowed at the end of the building also.

So very different are the two modes of hanging, that one would imagine the Academy had never peeped into the other half of the building occupied by them, or they would have taken a lesson from it, and although they cannot enlarge or add to the number of their rooms, they might at any rate 'cut their coat according to their cloth,' and reduce the number of the pictures they hang up, which would have the further good effect of improving the quality of their exhibitions, by excluding from them a great deal of mere filling-up stuff, and a second good consequence would be, that more credit would then be attached to the having a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Perhaps our Engraving may be thought rather incorrect in one respect—namely as showing but a beggarly account of 'shillings,' but at all events it shows a 'sovereign', the scene introduced being that of the royal private view of the pictures on the Friday preceeding the opening of the Exhibition. On the following day, another annual ceremony takes place, which is a less empty and idle one than ceremonies in general—namely, the Academy's Annual Dinner, when they have for their guests the noble and honoured of the land, bidden to their entertainment by express invitation, admission to it not being by tickets for sale.



BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.

THE statuary portion of the general collection of Egyptian antiquities, is deposited in the Hall which forms the north end of the west side of the Museum; and when the whole of that side of the building shall have been completed, there will then be a continuous gallery nearly four hundred feet in extent, and presenting an uninterrupted vista from end to end, since there will be no positive separation between the 'Halls' distinguished by names according to their respective contents, but merely such architectural division to the eye as is produced by columns so placed as to define the various compartments of the plan. When terminated, this gallery or series of galleries will present a very striking architectural perspective, set off and peopled with sculptured forms and masses. This will be better conceived when we say that the accompanying engraving,—in which the view is taken from the door at the North end communicating with the staircase leading to the upper galleries—shows only to about midway of what will be the entire length, as much more remaining to be added to the South, on the site of the suite of rooms now occupied by the Townley Marbles, &c. When that shall have been done, the present temporary partition walling up the columns at the end will be removed, and the whole thrown open.

Hardly need we observe that the perspective effect will be decidedly superior to the sort of it that would take place were the whole laid out as one uniform space or single long room, since that must be sufficiently apparent from the portion here represented. Take away the intermediate columns, for instance, and throw both compartments into one perfectly similar design, and the character of this 'interior' would be rendered both flat and monotonous; whereas now, notwithstanding that the architecture itself is exceedingly plain as to style—in fact even studiously severe, and perhaps not improperly so, considering the kind of objects of art here exhibited,—it becomes fraught with variety and relief; we obtain picturesque contrasts of lines and masses, alternations of light and gloom, and a sort of artificial distance in the space behind or rather beyond the columns, which being only partly disclosed to the eye, leaves something for the imagination to work upon. In such cases the best drawing must fall short of the reality, because it can show objects only as they are seen from one fixed point of view, whereas in the

place itself a fresh piece of perspective, a different combination of objects—in short, a new picture may be obtained at almost every step, accordingly as the spectator shifts his station and views the scene in this or that direction. This is particularly the case here, because the immense masses of Egyptian sculpture form, when viewed singly, so many separate principal objects, to which, whatever else falls within the field of vision, becomes background. Columns have been said to be to the interior of a building what trees are to a landscape, and in like manner these huge fragments may very well be likened to rocks and described as such in architectural scenery.

In galleries built expressly for the reception of sculpture, the more usual mode is to light them from their ceiling or roof; but that was here impracticable, because had it been done, there could have been no upper floor, but all those rooms must have been lost. Equally impossible was it for the appropriation of the two floors to be reversed, by the collections of natural history being placed on the ground floor, and the sculpture on the upper one, since even the firmest vaulting would not have been able to resist the enormous weight of some of the marbles. In addition to the astonishment occasioned by the sight of the things themselves, some is also felt when we come to consider the very great cost and difficulty that must have attended, in the first instance, the removing and bringing over to this country some of the colossal fragments and *bûts* we here behold, and afterwards the transporting them to the building and placing them in the gallery. This last required the nicest consideration, for they are as firmly fixed and rooted to the spot selected for them, as if rooted to it; they are a sort of furniture that cannot be shifted about at pleasure; they are not made to run upon castors; they have no idea of running, nor of being wheeled about at pleasure,—in a word they scorn to be treated as mere *morceables*, and we might as well hope to move by entreaty some of those grim, lion-visaged gentry to rise from the seats they have so long occupied, and place themselves more conveniently,

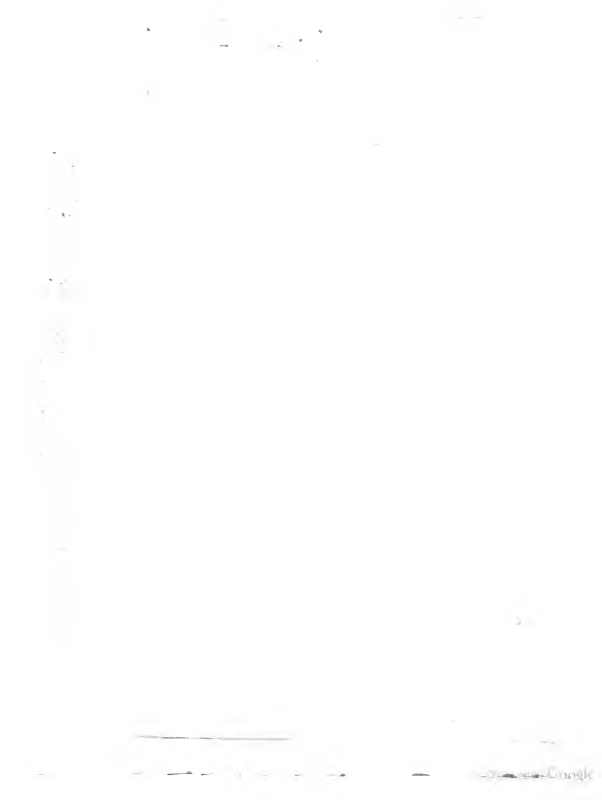
The arrangement which has been fixed upon cannot now be altered, yet whether it be at all an objection in itself or not, it is certain that the collections of antiquities will be disposed inversely to chronological sequence, as regards the order in which they present themselves to visitors, the latest coming into sight first, and the very earliest last. In the Glyptothek at Munich, the sculptures form a seriatim arrangement, commencing with the *incunabula* of art, and following it through its progress and decline to its revival in modern times; viz.,—Egyptian, Etruscan, Eginetan, and early Greek, pure Greek, Greco-Roman, and Roman, and lastly some works of Canova and Thorwaldsen, as the representatives of modern sculpture. But at the British Museum this order will be reversed, for here, entering at the South end of the gallery, the visitor will have his attention first arrested by the later and miscellaneous antiquities; then proceed to the collection of Greek and Roman marbles, then to the Xanthian, the Phigalian, the Elgin, till he

reaches the Egyptian collection, unless he chooses to continue his walk to the end of the gallery, before he enters the Elgin Room, reserving that by way of *bonne bosche* to the very last. After all, however, the matter is one of very little moment in itself,—rather one of mere punctilio and precedence, because it does not by any means follow that the order in which the collections are first seen, is that in which they must be studied, and as to the ordinary sight-seers who go merely to stare and wonder, it makes very little difference to them whether Chronology walks backwards or forwards, except any of them should be of opinion that the objects in the Museum might have been better 'sorted out' as to sizes, and that some of the larger specimens of natural history,—saurians, and others of huge class, might very well be made to keep company with, and keep in countenance the granite and basalt,—or as we once chanced to hear them termed,—the *bay-salted* monsters of the Egyptian tribe.

Of these collections of sculpture nearly the whole have been the accumulation of late years; up to the end of the last century, the antiquities were the scantiest and smallest part of the contents of the Museum. The acquisition of the several monuments of Egyptian art, obtained by the capitulation of Alexandria in 1801, and ordered by George III. to be deposited in the Museum, laid the foundation of that collection, and was the occasion of the first addition being made to the old building. The purchase of the Townley marbles in 1805, soon rendered further addition in building necessary, and in 1808, the suite of small rooms—well adapted to display their contents, but too diminutive in a gallery for public resort, therefore now doomed to be taken down—were first opened. That purchase, for which Parliament voted the sum of £20,000, was confined to the marbles and terracottas, accordingly the remainder of the Townley antiquities, consisting of a number of bronzes, coins, gems, drawings &c., were purchased for the nation, from the Townley family, in 1814, at the sum of £8,200. Either by purchase or bequest several individual works of merit have since enlarged the original Townley collection, and increased the number of Greek and Roman sculptures; among them are a small assemblage of busts, bequeathed by Mr. R. Payne Knight, a statue of Hadrian bought of Mr. Milligan, and that called the Venus of the Capitol, which was presented by William IV.

The years 1815 and 1816 were two highly memorable ones in the history of the British Museum, the former enriching it with the Phigalian, the other with the Elgin or Athenian Marbles. The first mentioned of these are so called from having been dug up at Phigaleia in Arcadia, where they formed the sculptures on the frieze of a temple; and they are most valuable relics of art, being known from the description of Pausanias to be genuine works of the earlier period of the school of Phidias. They were presented to the nation by the Prince Regent (George IV.), who had purchased them at a cost little short of £20,000. The Phigaleian, and inclusive with them, the casts from the Eginetan Marbles, form a most appropriate vestibule to the saloon which contains the ELGIN MARBLES. This

room—in itself remarkable only for its spaciousness—enriches those treasures which have obtained the homage of the world (*subaudi* of art) as the matchless productions of Grecian sculpture at its zenith, when it had attained that culminating point under Phidias and his contemporaries, whence to advance was to begin to decline. As is well known, these sculptures originally adorned the Parthenon, yet are only the savings of a wreck compared with their first number, since they amount to no more than fifteen of the metopes from the south entablature of the edifice, a portion of the frieze of the cella, and some of the figures from the pediments. Unlike many of the Egyptian antiques, which, though perhaps some thousands of years older, are not in the slightest degree touched by time, these Athenian marbles are all mere or less so much corroded if not mutilated, as to have very little attraction for the uneducated eye.—But we may take our leave of the Elgin Marbles for the present, as we shall have another opportunity of noticing them more particularly, and therefore pass on to notice the latest and certainly not the least—in point of extent—of the several accessions which have been made to the stores of antiquity in the Museum. We allude to the Xanthian Marbles. They were discovered by Mr. Charles Fellows while that gentleman was travelling in Asia Minor, in 1838, not at all in quest of antiquarian adventure or enterprise, but merely *pour se distraire* after the London season. In the vicinity of the ancient city of Xanthus he was so lucky as to meet with a number of rock-hewn tombs covered with sculptures. On his return to England, the discovery was considered of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of government, and it was accordingly determined that some of those antiquities should be forthwith brought over to this country. The result has been that not only one but a second importation of these more singular than intrinsically valuable curiosities, has been made. The last was a very abundant one, consisting of no fewer than one hundred and twenty large packages, most of whose contents are for the present deposited in the vaults and cellars of the Museum. Some of these Xanthian fragments have been put together, arranged exactly as they were before taken down, and form what Mr. Fellows describes as the ‘Harpy tomb,’ the reliefs upon it being supposed to represent the story of the carrying away of the daughters of King Pandarus by harpies.—This mass of sculpture comes into view in the engraving, where it forms a marked object in the centre of the second or further division of the gallery.



BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE GREAT ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY.

So varied are the stores of the Museum that all will there find gratification for the intellectual tastes, however opposite may be the direction they take. The artist and the naturalist, the antiquary and the man of science will alike meet with what is congenial with their respective pursuits; therefore, although no one department will be universally interesting in the same degree to all—some, perhaps, of no interest whatever to a great many—each is respectively of paramount importance to those whose studies are connected with it. While Lycian and Athenian marbles may be deemed little better than so much lumber—at any rate, puerile and 'pagan' curiosities, whose value is only conventional—by those who contemplate with admiration such objects as Saurian fossils and osseous remains, the wrecks and monuments of a primeval world anterior to all tradition; while such may look at the precious collection of Hamiltonian vases,* with as much indifference as they would at similar articles of modern pottery in the show-room of a Staffordshire manufactory of them, or at the quaint contents of a closet of old China; those whose virtuous enthusiasm kindles at the sight of that priceless relique, the Portland vase, would resign without a sigh all the three kingdoms of natural history, animal, vegetable, and mineral. These last have no sympathy to bestow upon crustacea and spiders: their affection for zoology does not extend beyond those specimens of it which are supplied by the horses in the Elgin marbles, and by idealized Egyptian lions. If, therefore, every class of students had its veto, and might vote for turning out those particular collections, which it considers comparatively useless, almost a general *dispersion* would take place, and the galleries of the Museum be nearly emptied.

The Natural History Department was the principal one in the original Sloanean collection, which formed the basis and nucleus of the present greatly enlarged and extended contents of the Museum, in connexion with that branch of human science. The formation of his cabinet of natural history, which contained upwards of thirty thousand specimens, besides two hundred volumes of dried plants, had been, though certainly not the sole, one

* This first great accession to the department of antiquities and art was made in the year 1772, when these vases, and other articles of Greek and Roman workmanship, were purchased of that eminent collector, Sir William Hamilton, for the comparatively small sum of £8,400, for at the time that collection of vases was the largest in Europe.

main labour of Sir Hans Sloane's life—a life actively devoted to studies which then received scarcely any encouragement, as far as encouragement means the appreciation of them on the part of the public. The name of Sloane ought not to be merged into a mere titular distinction, bestowed upon those portions of the contents of the Museum which had originally belonged to him: the man himself deserves to be ranked among the worthies of England, in the very best, if not the very loftiest sense of that term. Certainly he was a most rare example of extraordinary desert crowned by extraordinary prosperity; and, also, a singular one of infirmity of constitution in youth succeeded by an unusually protracted old age. Of instances of longevity among the studious and learned, there are very few much more remarkable than Sloane, who, notwithstanding that he was exceedingly delicate in his youth, and suffered from a spitting of blood, from the age of sixteen to nineteen, reached his ninety-third year. Sir Hans was, though of Scotch family, a native of Ireland, where he was born, in the year of the 'Restoration,' at Killileagh, in county Down. As soon as his health would permit, he applied himself to the study of medicine, as his future profession, and with so much ardour that his progress was rapid, and on visiting the continent he obtained the notice of several distinguished men of science: among others, the eminent Botanist Tournefort. At the age of twenty-five, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and two years afterwards obtained the appointment of physician to the Duke of Albemarle, who was sent out as governor to Jamaica. The death of the duke shortly after their arrival, cut short Sloane's prospects, and compelled him to return, but not, however, until he had formed an immense collection of plants, both in Jamaica and the neighbouring islands, and also accumulated materials for his *magnum opus*, the 'Natural History of Jamaica,' in two volumes folio, the first of which was published in 1707, but the other did not appear until twenty years later. On his return, after an absence of only fifteen months, he soon began to acquire a very lucrative practice, obtained the appointment of physician to Christ's Hospital, 1710, and in the following year married a lady of considerable fortune. He was thus enabled to indulge without imprudence his passion for collecting, and what is more, to gratify the benevolence of his disposition, it being recorded of him that during the thirty years that he held his appointment at Christ's Hospital, he devoted the whole of his salary to charitable purposes. At length, having attained the age of eighty, he retired to Chelsea, where he had purchased an estate about twenty years before. There he still continued to enjoy the Society of men of congenial minds and pursuits, who ever found a ready welcome in his hospitable retreat; and there, after a very short previous indisposition, he died January 11th, 1753, full of years and honour, 'a goodly ripened fruit, not plucked but dropped.' The neighbourhood of Chelsea is not entirely without some reminiscence of the worthy and amiable physician, one half of his name being bestowed on '*Hans' Place*,' and the other on '*Sloane Street*.'

We cannot, however, claim for him any high literary character. 'When Sir Hans

Sloane,' says D'Israeli, 'was the Secretary of the Royal Society, be and most of his correspondents wrote in the most confused manner imaginable. A wit of a very original cast, the factious Dr. King, took advantage of their perplexed and often unintelligible descriptions; of the meanness of their style, which humbled even the great objects of nature; of their credulity, which beaped up marvels, and their vanity that prided itself on petty discoveries, and invented a new species of satire. Sloane, a name endeared to posterity, whose life was that of an enthusiast of science, and who was the founder of a national collection; and his numerous friends, many of whose names have descended with the regard due to the votaries of knowledge; fell the victims. Wit is an 'unsparing leveller.' Yet even the shafts of wit recoil harmless from sterling worth of character. King himself, too, is now almost forgotten—more, perhaps, than he deserves to be, for we are told that his '*Voyage to Cajaima*,' a travesty of Sloane's History of Jamaica, is 'a peculiar piece of humour,' and one of the severest and merriest satires that ever was written in prose.

These few particulars, relative to one who may be regarded as, if not the actual, in a manner the virtual founder of the British Museum, will hardly be deemed out of place here. Sloane seems to have had a presentiment that what he had begun as a private individual would be continued by the nation, and be accordingly directed by his will, that all his collections, his library (consisting of 5000 printed volumes, and 3,566 manuscripts) included, should be offered to it, for £20,000, a sum not amounting to one-fourth of their real value, nor to one half of what he himself had expended upon them. But for Sir Hans Sloane—his amassing his scientific treasures in the first instance, and afterwards the liberal terms on which he offered them to the nation—it is possible that we should have had no British Museum at all, at least, not until so very much later, that it would now be only in its infancy.

Valuable as they were considered at the time, Sloane's own collections now form but an inconsiderable and comparatively unimportant part of the aggregate assemblage of natural history specimens, contained in the Museum. Since his time, rapid progress has been made in almost every branch of that science, and superior modes of study have been established. The departments of ornithology and mineralogy are now particularly rich: among the more valuable contributions to the latter, which have been made from time to time, may be mentioned a collection of fossils, made by Mr. Menzies, on the N. W. coast of America, and presented by George III., in 1797. Two years afterwards the Trustees purchased for £700, a well chosen collection of minerals of every class, consisting of 7000 specimens, which had been made by Charles Hatchett, Esq., during his travels in every part of Europe. The valuable and extensive Greville collection was added in 1810, when parliament voted £13,727 for the purchase of it. This was followed by the acquisition of the Beroldingen fossils in 1810, and afterwards of the splendid cabinet of minerals formerly kept in the Observatory at Kew—a donation from George IV.

These various collections of minerals and fossils fill the cases of what is called the 'Long Gallery,'—the room represented in the accompanying engraving—which is over the King's Library, and occupies nearly the whole of the upper floor of the West side of the Museum. Ultimately, when the building shall have been completed, the whole of the zoological department will be deposited on the upper floor: the mammalia will occupy the rooms of the South front, and the birds and shells will then be placed in the gallery just described, whose contents, it seems, are to be removed to the rooms on the North side of the North front, where there will be accommodation for a considerably larger collection of minerals than that now formed. The fishes, reptiles, and zoophytes, are designed to be placed in the rooms forming the South division of the North wing, so that all the zoological collections will be brought together in adjoining rooms, except the entomological one, to which will be appropriated a room at the North-west angle of the building. It is calculated that when all the galleries are completed, there will be rather more than *sixteen thousand* superficial feet of 'wall-cases' alone. These do not rise higher than eight feet from the floor, although the height of the rooms is twenty feet; yet although, should positive necessity for it occur, the height of the cases might be increased two feet more, it is not desirable that it should be done, as distinct an inspection of all the objects as possible, being a *sine qua non* in the arrangement of a museum of natural history.



Antico Museo. Napoli.



BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE ELGIN GALLERY.

Excepting merely for its size and unusual air of spaciousness, the Elgin Gallery is not at all remarkable as a room, otherwise than as being remarkably plain, since it offers to the eye only four bare walls without other finishing than what they derive from being painted in imitation of prophetry. But then those four walls enclose the most precious relics of ancient art—chefs d'oeuvre of Grecian sculpture at its most palmy period, the Periclean age,—works from the chisel of Phidias and his contemporaries—treasures for which England is envied by the rest of Europe,—and which owing to its being linked to them, immortalize a name that would else have only figured in an obituary as that of a whilom British ambassador to the Porte. Lord Elgin needs no other monument, than these monuments of art—the Marbles called after him, yet has the extensive fame, apparently so cheaply purchased, not been entirely exempted from penalty, it having been at one time greatly perilled and in imminent danger of being converted into ignominy. Both in prose and in poetry was bitterly energetic execration bestowed upon his brother peer, by Lord Byron, who denounced him as the modern Alaric, and the modern Verres,—as the rapacious plunderer and ruthless spoiler of Athens. The noble bard, who was as far from being the meekest, as he was from being the most milk-and-water of poets, expressed himself even with savageness—out to call it 'Billingsgate,'—towards Elgin, as witness a couplet in his 'Curse of Minerva,' which although altered before printed, stood thus in the original manuscript :—

" Ah, Athens! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth,
Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both."

Luckily poetical anathemas break no bones, nor are they considered sufficient grounds for getting up an 'affair of honour.' In fact the excessive bitterness and vehemence of Byron's invectives, rendered them comparatively harmless, since hardly could they have been stronger had they been directed against some very heinous moral delinquency. It may be questioned, too, if the poet did not, for the sake of effect, assume a great deal more of both than he really felt. At all events his philippics gave a 'fillip' to Lord Elgin's celebrity, and served to keep it from falling asleep, as it afterwards did—for at the time of his death (Nov. 15th, 1841,) Elgin himself was nearly forgotten; and if his name be now remembered, it is not that of the Man, but of the Marbles which have obtained that distinctive appellation.

The charge brought against Lord Elgin, of mere wanton, barbarian spoliation, as if the organ of destructiveness had in him been prematurely developed, was a manifestly

absurd one, yet how far he was incited by a disinterested love of art, and anxiety to rescue the immortal yet perishable and perishing sculptures of the Parthenon from further injury either by violence or by time, is perhaps questionable; still whatever alloy may have entered his motives, the bringing them over to this country has enriched England, and the possession of them where they are now placed, must have an increasingly beneficial influence on the English school of sculpture.

Had it not taken place when it did, the acquisition of those marbles—*alias*, the spoliation of the Parthenon might not have been practicable, since after the establishment of King Otho's government, any idea of the kind would have been reprobated as nothing less than sacrilegious. Could the events which have since taken place, have even been anticipated as at all probable, the consideration founded upon some rational expectation of the kind, would, no doubt, have hindered the work of plunder, and preserved the Parthenon intact from further mutilation, as the noblest monument and palladium of the future *Residenz*. It must therefore be admitted that political changes and events have raised up an argument against the removal of the sculptures of that temple, which did not exist at the time they were carried off. They being gone, the glory of the edifice is departed; and moreover, one great inducement to zealous activity in re-instating, as far as is practicable, all the buildings of the Athenian Acropolis. Although less accessible, or in fact, inaccessible to the many, seen in their original situations as integral parts of the edifice into which they were framed, the friezes and metopes and the statues of the pediments produced an impressive effect which is now destroyed. While the fabric stands bereft of what conferred on it matchless individuality, the sculptures themselves appear in their present receptacle as so many fragments. Neither can it be averred that their present accessibility has obtained for them any very great number of sincere admirers: as far as 'the many' are concerned, they might as well have remained upon the Acropolis, since in their eyes they are no better than mere curiosities which excite no other admiration than the simple wonder that so much importance should be attached to things so little attractive in appearance, and otherwise so little striking and remarkable.

The Elgin Collection, which was purchased by government, in 1816, for the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds,* consists of some of the reliefs of the *metopes*, of a portion of the frieze of the *cella*, and of some of the statues which filled the tympana of the pediments. Of the *metopes*, there are fifteen, taken from the south side of the edifice, exclusive of a cast from another which is deposited in the Louvre at Paris. We may here explain that *metopes* (which, together with triglyphs, are peculiarly characteristic of the Doric order, plainly distinguishing at the very first glance, its entablature from those appropriated to the Ionic and Corinthian) are the square spaces or intervals between the triglyphs

* Those gentlemen who were called upon to value the Marbles, varied very greatly in the estimate of their money-worth. While Mr. Payne Knight fixed no higher a sum than £25,000, Mr. W. Hamilton more than doubled that price, going as far as £50,000.

of the frieze, consequently when, as is almost invariably the case, even in our most correct copies and professed imitations of that order, they are left plain, they cease to be decorations and become no more than the surface on which the triglyphs—thus rendered the sole ornaments and the only parts of the frieze requiring to be particularized by a specific term—are raised. But although the practice of enriching metopes with sculpture is so rare among us, that we are unable to point out a single instance of it, among all our numerous *neo-Doric* structures, however scrupulously faithful they may be in regard to matters of detail, comparatively trivial and unimportant,—the Greeks themselves—whose taste must of course be allowed by those who profess to be guided by it, to be of paramount authority—conceived sculpture between the triglyphs to be essential to the general decoration of their Doric edifices.

In the Parthenon the reliefs of the metopes represented the contest between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the nuptials of Perithous, the king of the latter people. The combat, however, is not shown after the manner which would seem most suitable for such a subject, because, instead of being treated as a general composition, it is divided into as many separate groups as there are metopes, each consisting of only two figures, a human one or a Lapithæ, and a compound monster, half quadruped, half man, supposed to have been intended as a lively poetical, yet too literal and not particularly æsthetic personification of the people of Thessaly (the country of the Centaurs), who were so noted for their skill in horsemanship, as to be identified with the animals they bestrode, and with which they were in idea incorporated. In some of the metopes both the figures have lost their heads, in others only one of them, but there are also several in which they are both perfect, or nearly so. We have already ventured to hint above, at the want of continuity and breaking-up of the subject, occasioned by the dividing it into portions, in order to adapt it to the architectural compartments in which it was introduced; but we hardly know if we may hazard a remark that will be thought to reflect upon the artistical skill and truth displayed in works that have been pronounced perfection. Still we give it as our opinion, that relative proportion has been disregarded in these figures, for in some of the metopes, at least, the men are quite as tall as the horse-men, or men-horses, namely, the Centaurs.

Of the *Panathenæa Frieze*, which originally extended altogether five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, along the sides and ends of the edifice, the Museum possesses about two hundred and fifty feet, with a continuation of somewhat more than seventy-six in plaster casts, the latter being from such portions of the sculpture as were not brought away, and from the single slab which belonged to the Duc de Choiseul, and is now in the Louvre: altogether, therefore, there are nearly three hundred and twenty-six feet. Although called a *frieze*, this extensive work of sculpture did not answer to the ordinary technical meaning of that term, since it did not occupy the middle division of the entablature, where, as has just been observed, the triglyphs left only the intervening square spaces

or panels (metopes) for figures. The continuous frieze we are now speaking of, was carried along the external walls of the *cella*, or the enclosed part of the edifice within the colonnades, immediately beneath the soffit or ceiling of the latter, where it formed an uninterrupted line of figures in very low relief, and a graceful architectural border (three feet four inches deep), seen behind the columns.*

The epithet *Panathanaia* was bestowed as a distinctive name on this frieze, because it represented the sacred procession to the Pantheon, held at Athens every five years, in honour of Athena Parthena, or the Virgin, the tutelary deity of the city. It consists of a long train of numerous figures of both sexes and all ages, some on foot, others on horseback, or in chariots; yet, besides that many of the figures are nearly obliterated—are now either headless or faceless—they do not manifest to the ordinary spectator any of that superlative merit which the enthusiasm of classical antiquaries and connoisseurs claims for them. On the contrary, there is much in them that must strike most persons as unnatural and incongruous: not only are the animals undersized in proportion to the human figures, but also too ideal, too conventional in style, and too bulky-headed to satisfy an English admirer and judge of horses. Then again, as to costume, a very great stretch of artistic license has been taken: for while some of the figures are completely draped, others are completely naked! a circumstance so highly improbable as to be utterly incredible. Think of a modern sculptor venturing to indulge his classical taste so far as to represent a royal procession to parliament with the *Life-Guards in buff*! At any rate, it must be acknowledged, even by its warmest admirers, that art excuses and reconciles us to many flagrant inconsistencies and actual untruths.

Of the statues or sculptures belonging to the pediments of the temple, the Elgin Collection contains several; those from the Eastern one (which represented the birth of Minerva) being the portion of a figure of Hyperion, the recumbent statue called Theseus, two goddesses supposed to be Ceres and Proserpine, a winged Victory, the Fates, and the head of one of the horses of Night. Those from the Western one (representing the contest of Minerva and Poseidon or Neptune for the guardianship of Attica) are, with the exception of the magnificent figure personifying the river Ilissus, little better than fragments. Even the more perfect figures do not go far towards explaining the composition of the subjects represented in the pediments, which have accordingly been variously interpreted and conjecturally restored by different scholars and notiquaries.

* Although as has been observed, we know of no instance of a Grecian Doric entablature with sculptured metopes, neither do we of one where an inner *mural frieze* is introduced behind the columns, after the manner of that of the Parthenon; we have one modern example of a continuous sculptured frieze, namely, that carried along the three fronts of the Athenæum Clubhouse, Pall Mall—which is, besides, an avowed imitation, if not an express copy of the Parthenon one, without much regard, indeed, to meaning or applicability.



British Museum. Reading Room.



BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE ADDITIONAL LIBRARY.

A general account of the literary collections of the Museum having been given at page 29 of our first volume, and that being sufficient for the purpose where most minute and historical and statistical details would seem out of place, little is now left for us to do beyond inserting such additional remarks and comments as the subject suggests to our pen. To proceed then—at least to set out, somewhat methodically, in our desultory and rambling article;—the space devoted to the manuscripts and printed books occupies just one half of the principal or lower floor of the edifice, namely, all the rooms along its North and East sides. Of this latter the chief portion consists of a single apartment, three hundred feet in length, called the 'Royal Library,' from its being exclusively set apart for the collection presented to the nation by George IV., and of which there is a separate printed catalogue in the Reading-rooms, filling five very large folio volumes. In immediate connection with this Library, at its South end, are the Manuscript-rooms. The apartments on the North side commence with the two Reading-rooms there, at the East-end, and beyond them are the other libraries, a series of halls, continued in a direct line and terminating in what is called the 'Additional Library,' which has been recently fitted up, and which forms the subject of our Engraving. The view is taken looking from West to East, or towards the Reading Rooms, so as to show the whole suite in a vista of such extent that the farther part of it is lost in indistinctness.

The width of these rooms, excepting the largest one* immediately next to the Reading rooms, and separated from them only by the 'bar' at which the books are delivered, is 36 feet, but this is greatly contracted at intervals by additional bookcases being built out at right angles to the side walls, so as to divide each room into a series of smaller ones, leaving an avenue or walk of moderate breadth down the centre. This last circumstance will be understood from the view itself, because fully expressed there; but without explanation, it could not be known from a perspective drawing alone that what is thus seen is hardly a third part of the entire width of the room, the depth of the advanced bookcases, and of course also of the recesses formed by them, not being shown, for to do that would require another view taken in a cross direction—at least in a very oblique one. This

* This room, which is 84 feet in length is somewhat more in breadth, but the middle space is reduced to 36 feet in width by ante-pillars dividing it on its sides into five distinct compartments or recesses, in which the bookcases are disposed after the same manner as the room shown in the Engraving.

'Additional Library' is of the same length as the larger one above-mentioned, viz., 84 feet, but very differently proportioned, and of different architectural character, if only because the centre space or avenue between the side recesses has arches springing from the piers, although the general ceiling is flat. Although not at all in accordance with the style observed in the other rooms, these arches certainly contribute considerably to perspective effect, and give that division of the room the appearance of a gallery or corridor with a series of open cabinets along its sides. What character there is, however, depends entirely upon mere form and arrangement, the whole being exceedingly plain, and without any attempt at decoration; nor is such plainness here misplaced, the room being not intended for public inspection, but exclusively as a repository for books, where it was indispensably necessary that space should be economised as much as possible, so as to render it capable of containing as many volumes as could fairly be packed into it, upon shelves. How this has been accomplished will be seen from the accompanying view, which shows that there is shelving from the floor to the very ceiling, with two tiers of light hanging galleries to afford access to the upper bookcases. The number of volumes thus provided for in this room alone is computed at about one hundred thousand, more or less.

What may be the extent of shelving, supposing all the shelves in the different libraries were laid out in a single line, could be ascertained only by a positive survey for that purpose, but calculating according to the measurements of the rooms, and the book presses placed crosswise in many of them, thereby forming the recesses, each of which affords three surfaces or sides for books,—the total extent is not less than 70,000 feet, or somewhat more than *Thirteen miles*!—and even this computation is perhaps rather under than at all above the mark, inasmuch as in the 'Additional Library' the shelving is continued uninterruptedly from floor to ceiling. Thirteen miles of shelves! 'incredible!' some will exclaim, 'most alarming!' others. Those who are Malthusians in literature must regard with absolute horror such prognostications of over-fecundity, and must pray devoutly for the arrival of a second Omar to rid the world of those daily increasing and ever-accumulating masses of printed paper, which, unless further addition to them can be prevented, threaten finally to overwhelm it.

If we may judge from our feelings, we should say that there is something actually oppressive to the mind in walking through such a library as that of the British Museum, or even through an extensive private library. To behold—still more to contemplate such accumulated stores of reading—shelves after shelves, to get through any single one of which would occupy the most indefatigable reader,—even did he rival Magliabecchi himself,—full a twelvemonth, fills the mind not with despondency merely, but utter despair. How impressively are we then reminded of the shortness of life, when even a longevity equal to that of the patriarchs—and they had no libraries—would be insufficient to enable any one to enjoy a tolerable fraction of such a collection, even supposing he could read

at the rate of a goodly-sized folio volume per day. With what melancholy meditations too, is the sight of a vast library calculated to fill our minds? It is a perfect cemetery—a catacomb of literature, with *Memento Mori* inscribed all around. How eloquent are those shelves crammed with immortal defunct, who although they promised themselves, and were loudly promised by others, a lasting perpetuity of literary renown, there lie as so many dead carcases; even their very names forgotten or known only to plodding bibliographers, and to be found only in indexes and catalogues. A mile-long range of shelves might be filled with epic poems alone, which the world utterly ignores, admitting no more than half-a-dozen productions of that class to be deserving of regard and imperishable honour; and willingly consigning all the rest to the rank of waste paper. Yet epics yield in numbers to the dense myriads of tomes of History, Divinity, Law, and other reading of that kind. Our comfort lies if not in expectation of the torch of Omar, in the invention of waste paper; and blessings on the mortal who first bethought him of thus averting from the world the calamity of an universal deluge of books! Had it not been for that, every dwelling-house in the kingdom would by this time have become a crumful warehouse of printed paper. Startling as it is, this is a truth not to be disputed, nay, even a most tangible and self-evident one, when we perceive that a moderate collection containing only a single copy of each work requires the space it actually occupies at the British Museum. Nor is it either unadvisedly or ironically that we use the term 'moderate', since such that library may fairly be called, in comparison with the enormous number of works (that is, of distinct publications) which have issued from the press since the first invention of printing.

The very catalogues alone of printed books in the British Museum are so voluminous that it might be imagined they contained the title of every work ever produced. Exclusive of the separate catalogue of the King's Library, that of the general collection extends to no fewer than sixty-one folios. Nevertheless so far is that collection from being at all complete, that in some branches of literature and study, it is remarkably and most inconveniently defective. In regard to many foreign literatures for instance, it is little better than a mere blank, although its actual deficiencies are not easily ascertainable, owing to the catalogue being merely an alphabetical one, without any sort of classification, or even the separation into different languages. Were there any divisions of the latter kind, we suspect that many foreign literatures—such as Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Polish, and Russian, would be found to be hardly represented at all, and a list of the books in the Museum belonging to some of them, would hardly occupy a few pages each. Such at least is the conclusion to which our own experience of the catalogue leads us, since in vain have we searched it, not for rare and uncommon works in those languages, but for those which belong to the general and standard literature of the respective countries, and which ought to be included in a national collection, because such works are not likely to be otherwise

accessible to, or attainable by, private individuals in this country. There is a grievously sensible deficiency also in regard to foreign literary journals, and the inconvenience so occasioned is still further increased by the dilatoriness with which they are supplied, if not to the Museum, to those readers who have occasion for them, some of them not being placed on the shelves of the Reading-rooms until so very long after they have been published, that by the time they are to be seen, the interest and service of them are very greatly diminished, and the purpose of them comparatively frustrated.

We know not how to account for it, but many English publications which one would almost of a certainty expect to find in the British Museum, are not in the catalogues, although they are very attainable. On the other hand, by way perhaps of set-off against such strange deficiency, there is a still more strange redundancy of hooks which by no extent of courtesy can be called literature—except indeed it be the merest ‘rag-tail and bob-tail’ of it. Conceive—but no, that is quite impossible; believe then, although the fact is incredible—at least, believing or not, listen reader, with profound wonderment, when we assure you that the ‘Child’s First Book,’ ‘Guy’s Primer,’ and hundreds of volumes of that grade, stand in the catalogue of a great national library! Now, although the Museum is entitled by Act of Parliament to a copy of every thing in the shape of a book or pamphlet, it is not compulsory upon it to receive and provide warehouse-room for all sorts of arrant lumber and trash.

As the opportunity may not occur again, let us squeeze into what space remains, a few words respecting the edifice itself. In 1838, the Trustees of the Museum represented to the Treasury their desire that all the buildings should be completed within six years from that date. Yet those six years have passed away, and so far are the works from being completed that, at the rate they now proceed, they promise to hold out for at least six years more. The Façade can be said to be little more than commenced, except that the west wing is erected. Still we could curb our impatience, and using old Eldon’s favourite maxim, say *Sat cito si sat bene*, comforting ourselves with reflecting that Sir Robert Smirke here builds for posterity—as none of his contemporaries are likely to live to behold his *fecit*; we could curb our impatience, we say, had we any reason for believing that the edifice—at least, the façade of it, will prove something well worth waiting for,—the noblest architectural monument of the present age, after the New Palace at Westminster. As it is, we have no impatience to curb, being nothing less than impatient to behold the completion of such a design as we find begun. The idea of thrusting forward two ranges of mere dwelling-houses as wings to the main building, where the most dignified and classical character ought to be kept up throughout, seems to us such a solecism in taste that, were it not for the approved adage, *De gustibus, &c.*, we should bestow on it some exceedingly harsh epithet.—At all events our taste differs antipodically from Sir Robert Smirke’s, and for that, though without thanks to him, we are thankful.



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